

TIME



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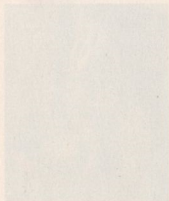
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JULY 27, 1998

TIME

NO. 118 1998



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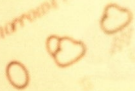
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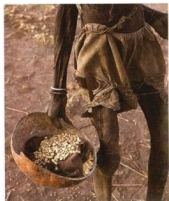
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Take Me Back to the Ball Game: Baseball has been very, very good again (see COVER)



Blood and Guts: Tom Hanks stars in *Saving Private Ryan* (see THE ARTS)

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By Dan Cray/Crownpoint, N.M.

Navajo vs. Navajo

A battle over whether to preserve natural resources or develop them

IN THE DESICCATED CLIMATE OF NEW MEXICO'S SAN JUAN Basin, a land of red sandstone mesas peppered with piñon trees, water is so precious that Navajo tradition regards it as a living entity. Survival here has long depended on the health of underground pools and streams that feed wells and the occasional surface spring. That's why Billy Martin is worried. The water supply to his tiny town of Crownpoint (pop. 2,500) is threatened, he says, by money-grubbers who don't understand water's importance to Native American culture. It sounds like a familiar story... until you realize that Martin, 69, isn't upset with white businessmen. He's talking about his Navajo brethren.

Challenging the stereotype of Indians as uncompromising conservationists, more than 200 individual Navajo landowners have quietly leased 1,440 acres to Hydro Resources Inc., an Albuquerque company that plans to mine uranium ore from a local aquifer (a layer of water-bearing rock). The company has promised a lucrative payoff: more than \$40,000 for each property it leases, plus royalties as high as 25% on the sale of the uranium ore. For some Navajo landowners that could translate into more than \$1 million a year—a nice paycheck anywhere, but especially in a region with double-digit unemployment and an average annual income of less than \$10,000. Hydro Resources president Richard Clement Jr. says his company will eventually employ about 150 local workers to develop the site, one of the two largest beds of untapped uranium in the U.S.

But the aquifer containing the ore also supplies water to an estimated 10,000 people in and around Crownpoint, a town in which dusty yards are decorated with stripped-down car frames and visiting neighbors honk their horn rather than ring the doorbell. Less than 10% of the local Navajo stand to benefit directly from the mining leases, and many of the rest, conditioned by a history of false promises from outsiders, aren't buying Hydro Resources' assurances that their water will remain unpolluted by the mine.

The town's primary well is situated only 2,000 ft. from the nearest proposed mining site. A similar uranium-mining effort in the 1980s failed to preserve the water's purity, says Mitchell Capitan, the soft-spoken leader of a grass-roots organization opposed to the mine. "We can't afford to risk our children and our future," says Capitan. Martin agrees, "It's a disruption to Mother Earth, and it's not the Indian way."

Or is it? Hydro Resources contends that its extraction

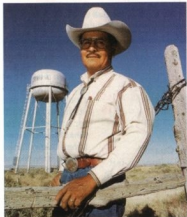
process poses no threat to the groundwater. The U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission concurs, and the company has been granted a license to mine. "If there's a resource there, why shouldn't our people be able to enjoy the proceeds of it?" argues Ruth Bridgeman, 79, who leased her property to Hydro Resources several years ago. Leonard Arviso, a Navajo who acts as the company's liaison to his tribe, talks not of land or money but of children who are forced to leave the community for lack of jobs. "We can respect Mother Earth," he says, "without wasting it."

Today the Navajo Nation is but one of many tribes in which some members believe they can exploit their natural resources with minimal risk while others don't want to take any chances. In Alaska spruce forests that served as traditional hunting grounds have been clear-cut by Tlingit loggers. Florida's Miccosukee Indians are attempting to build housing within Everglades National Park, while Utah's Goshute are actively seeking a nuclear-waste dump. And last year Arizona's White Mountain Apaches, protecting their logging and cattle interests, declared that federal agents would be forbidden to enforce the Endangered Species Act on tribal land. Says Rosita Worl, a Tlingit anthropologist: "There has never been more tension between the need for resources and our reverence for nature."

In Crownpoint the uranium issue has sharply divided the Navajo. At the tribe's chapter house (where the local governing body sits), a recent motion to oppose the mine sparked such furious debate that the issue was permanently tabled. "Anyone who wants to get re-elected can't touch this," says Rosemary Silversmith, the chapter-house treasurer.

The issue has split not only the tribe but also individual families. For example, Capitan, the grass-roots opposition leader, is the nephew of Arviso, the employee of Hydro Resources. And there is a generational clash as well: some younger Navajo accuse the landowners, many of them tribal elders, of selling out. "The older people always say human life is more important than material things," says LaJuanna Daye, a health-care worker, "but here they have the chance to prove it, and all we see is greed."

With the land in question a checkerboard ownership of Navajo, other private landholders and the U.S. government, the ultimate fate of the mine may depend on who wins jurisdiction in court. Regardless, the Navajo syllables *Tó éi be 'iiná át'é* (Water is life) have become fighting words in Crownpoint. ■



Capitan has organized the opposition

“It’s a disruption to Mother Earth. It’s not the Indian way.”

—BILLY MARTIN

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L E T T E R S



The U.S. Under the Gun

“Let Charlton Heston and his disciples each be allowed one single-shot, muzzle-loading flintlock musket.”

Shep Schwartz
Deep River, Conn.

WITH CHARLTON HESTON AS ITS NEWLY elected president [SPECIAL REPORT, July 6], the National Rifle Association hopes to appeal to mainstream America. The plan may backfire. Even an actor who has portrayed Moses can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And though Heston's celebrity attracts media attention, the hateful sentiments conveyed by that golden voice will more likely guarantee a continuing decline in N.R.A. membership. Heston's outspoken and controversial reflections may win the applause of the right wing, but his inflammatory rhetoric is repugnant to most Americans, including real sportsmen.

Kathleen Gregg
Pearl River, N.Y.

I TAKE STRONG EXCEPTION TO YOUR portrayal of firearms as “murderous little fixtures.” One such fixture kept my wife from being raped several years ago. And the claim that firearms are a cause of the U.S.'s high violence rate is misinformed. Some countries with firearms ownership comparable to that of the U.S. have low crime rates, while nations with strict gun control can end up with high crime statistics. The fact is that income, racial tensions and education, among myriad other factors, contribute far more to crime than the availability of firearms.

David O. Hunt
Sandusky, Ohio

BY AND LARGE, I WASN'T UNHAPPY WITH your piece on my election as president of the N.R.A., though it was laced with wry innuendo. I do, however, object to your coverage of my civil rights activities, which your writer reduced to a bare minimum. I played an important role in Martin Luther King Jr.'s 1963 March on Washington as the leader and chief organizer of the scores of actors who attended. Some months earlier, as president of the Screen Actors Guild, at Dr. King's request, I persuaded the leadership of one of the technical unions (IATSE) to meet with him, after explaining that

IATSE not only barred blacks from membership but also accepted only the sons of its members into the union. I merely knocked on the door. Dr. King persuaded or shamed IATSE into opening its membership, an incredible feat. He was an incredible man. To walk behind him was one of the most memorable experiences of my life, and I'm very proud to have been the first major actor to speak out on civil rights, against all advice in this town.

Charlton Heston
Beverly Hills, Calif.

HESTON MAY FANCY HIMSELF AN AMERICAN eagle, but he's really just a hypocritical chicken hawk.

Litzi Trevino Hartley
Naperville, Ill.

RE CARRYING A GUN: I WOULD RATHER be tried by 12 jurors than carried out by six pallbearers. Don't give me victims' rights; give me self-defense rights.

Glenn P. Allen
Sacramento, Calif.

IF 40% OF AMERICAN HOUSEHOLDS HAVE guns, it is a signal that people have given up on beating violent crime through conventional means. But that does not justify making guns more easily available. Owning a hunting rifle, securely storing it in separate pieces well away from children and using it only to shoot a yearly quota of deer is quite different from carrying a loaded 9-mm pistol in a shoulder holster for the drive to work. Parents who introduce their children to guns may first want to take them down to the morgue and show them the bullet-riddled body of the latest gunfire victim.

Claes Norell
London

I OWN FOUR HANDGUNS, WHICH I FIRE regularly at a range. I'm not an anti-gun wimp. In France there are stringent rules about gun ownership. France has urban crime, terrorist attacks and under-

privileged minorities. Yet people here are not offing one another with guns at an alarming rate, and that's probably because it's not easy to get your hands on one. The N.R.A. and other mindless “patriotic” organizations that encourage the widespread proliferation of firearms are prime contributors to the U.S.'s shocking death toll. It would appear that Heston, who has run out of Saracens and Egyptians to slaughter, is leading the charge against his fellow Americans.

Jack Robinson
Paris

STATISTICS ON GUN DEATHS IN THE U.S. show that there are more shootings in which the victim and shooter know each other than shootings by an unknown assailant. Yet people continue to think that keeping guns in their homes makes them safer. That mentality scares me far more than the perceived threat of crime ever will. It seems that no matter how many innocents die, no matter how many assassinations tear us apart, we're never going to learn.

Mary Lou Sahn
Landsville, Pa.

IF AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION is the root of the problem, then change it. After all, how many people drive an automobile by looking in the rearview mirror instead of at what lies ahead? With all that America has taught the world, perhaps it can still learn too.

Doug McLeod
Victoria, B.C.

KIDS HAVE HAD ACCESS TO GUNS IN AMERICA since the *Mayflower*, and for hundreds of years that was not a problem. What has changed to create the senseless, willful disregard of people and property? Whether we have grown dependent on drugs or handouts, individual responsibility is going the way of dinosaurs, and it's taking America with it.

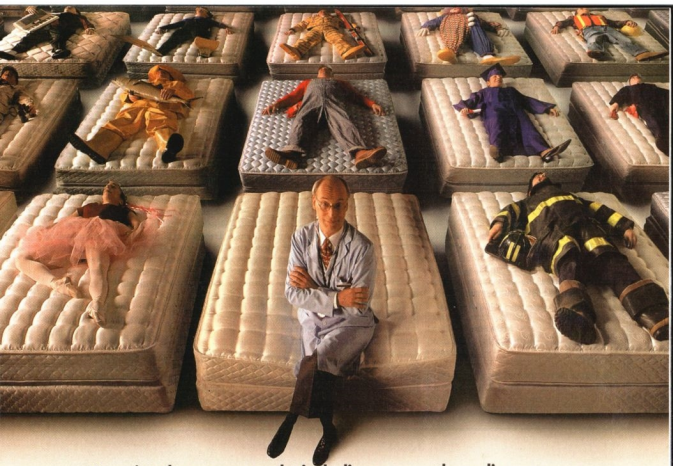
Alan Hills
Los Gatos, Calif.

WHERE IS THE N.R.A.'S COURAGE OF its convictions? No guns were allowed at its recent Philadelphia convention! Somehow it is O.K. for members to carry weapons on streets and in malls but not at the convention. What does that say about N.R.A. members?

Martha Fink
Carmel Valley, Calif.

More About Concealed Weapons

WHILE YOUR PIECE “SHOULD YOU CARRY a Gun?” [SPECIAL REPORT, July 6] was generally favorable toward my new



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book, *More Guns, Less Crime*, it contained seriously misleading statements. Despite accusations by some critics, my study on the effect that carrying concealed weapons has on crime absolutely did not ignore "counties that had no reported murders or assaults for a given year." In contrast to the tiny samples in previous work by others, I used data on all the counties in the U.S. that were available when I did the study on the years from 1977 to 1994.

It is likewise false that I did "not account for fluctuating factors like poverty levels and police techniques." Among the many factors I included in the analysis were poverty, income, unemployment, arrest and conviction rates, the number of police officers and police expenditures per capita, as well as the impact that the prevention of less serious crimes has on more serious ones.

*John R. Lott Jr.
John M. Olin Law and
Economics Fellow
University of Chicago
Chicago*

THE TITLE OF YOUR STORY ON CONCEALED weapons asked, "Should You Carry a Gun?" My response is, "Do you want to?" Sensibly, most Americans don't, and

they don't want the stranger in the next car to have one either. The next major legislative effort must be to stop the flow of guns from states with weak gun laws to states with strong ones. Florida, Georgia and Mississippi are the leading gun suppliers and the source of a large web of interstate gun runners.

*Charles E. Schumer
U.S. Representative
Ninth District, New York
Washington*

Chilling Photographs

THE PICTURES YOU PUBLISHED OF GUN owners outraged and upset me so much I had to take a tranquilizer [SPECIAL REPORT, July 6]. Especially bothersome was the photograph of Mike taken at a Dallas gun store. He is shown with his baby daughter in his right arm and a gun in his left hand, seemingly pointed at her! Undoubtedly she will grow up seeing this ghastly photo framed and in a place of distinction in her family's home. And then there's Sarah Dobbins, shotgun owner at age 10 thanks to a gift from Santa Claus! And we wonder what is happening to our children?

*Tina Bucklin
Clinton Corners, N.Y.*

No Double Taxation

YOUR ITEM ON MY EFFORT THAT BLOCKED an increase in death taxes from 55% to 60% [PERSONAL TIME: YOUR MONEY, July 6] failed to include my point of view that the estate, or death, tax is unfair and should be abolished altogether. It is wrong to tax people on their work, savings and investment throughout life and then double-tax them and their families when they die. Rich or poor, no one should have to visit the funeral parlor and the IRS on the same day. Also, you imply that by allowing some Americans to keep more of their money, it somehow "costs" the Treasury an amount the rest of us will be forced to make up, as if by keeping more of their own earnings, the wealthy are actually stealing from us! This notion is flatly incorrect and politically slanted.

*Bill Archer
U.S. Representative
Seventh District, Texas
Washington*

Faith vs. Good Works

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE LUTHERAN and Catholic agreement on the doctrine of justification [RELIGION, July 6] really got me going. I have long been puzzled by

LEVERAGE.

Power, effectiveness. Being in a position to exert pressure...*colloquial*: "I've got the edge."

the sheer existence of the controversy of justification, the state of being right with God and whether it is based on good works or on faith alone. The argument can be resolved by common sense. Whereas faith and good works are somewhat different, they are not ultimately philosophically distinguishable. Faith is a good work. God's works are faith in motion.

Jesus enthroned those who did good works. The Good Samaritan and the widow who gave her last mite were most praiseworthy. Not a single Protestant would admit to having "faith" and to being "saved" while having zero desire to engage in good works. The grace of faith always, always entails good works. To proclaim "Salvation by faith alone!" is to talk about something that has never existed and never will.

*Peter J. Dawson
Magnolia, N.J.*

It's a Bird! It's a Dinosaur!

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHY THE modern mind has no trouble accepting the most bizarre suggestions from mainstream science, such as the conclusion that birds are descended from dinosaurs [SCIENCE, July 6]. How about those

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chunky chicken dinosaurs crashing about with feathered arms akimbo until ... they became airborne! Just wait a few million years, and you'll have birds.

*Fay Knight
Saratoga, Calif.*

THE REPORT THAT BIRDS PROBABLY evolved from dinosaurs should have run under the heading of science fiction.

*Ralph B. Krainik
Baraboo, Wis.*

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VERBATIM

“I used to drive Johnson and Nixon, and I never heard anything that was said in the back seat of the car. We have a tendency to look for things rather than listen.”

P. HAMILTON BROWN,
ex-Secret Service agent, on
how useful agents' testimony
may be to Kenneth Starr

“Don't blame them for being dull. That's how they've been chosen as high-ranking politicians.”

TAKASHI INOYUCHI,
Tokyo political science
professor, on the blandness
of the candidates for
Prime Minister

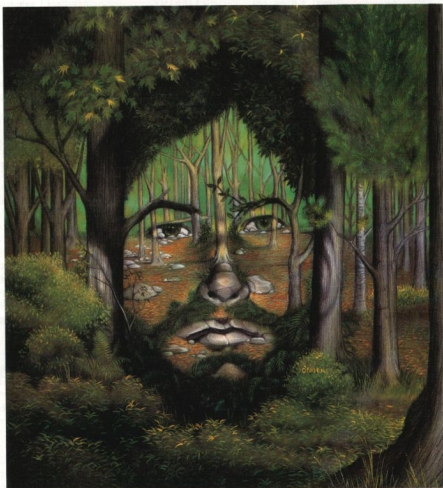
“You ever wanted to put one of those in the Oval Office?”

MARIA SHRIVER,
NBC News correspondent, to
Hillary Clinton, referring to a
cot in Thomas Edison's lab

“Chill, Orrin.”

SENATOR PATRICK LEAHY,
during an exchange between
Orrin Hatch and Janet Reno
at a Senate Judiciary
Committee hearing

Sources: Brown (USA Today);
Inoyuchi (New York Times); Shriver (Today show).



THE FUGITIVE After a sighting in the woods of North Carolina, the FBI intensified its hunt for Eric Robert Rudolph, a suspect in the fatal bombings at Centennial Olympic Park in Atlanta and a Birmingham, Ala., abortion clinic

WINNERS & LOSERS



CAMERON DIAZ
Raves for *There's Something About Mary* puts her atop Hollywood's shortest list: funny beauties

GRAÇA MACHEL
Widow of Mozambique President marries Mandela. Second act, second country, First Lady again

MARY ALBERT
Chastened sportscaster gets his old job back. Says therapy has helped. Still has that rug

AL SHARPTON
His failure to overcome his old recklessness in the Brawley case will cloud his bid for legitimacy

DEFLOWERMENT.COM
Two 18-year-old virgins from North Hollywood say they'll lose it online? Sushi smells less fishy

DALLAS COWBOYS
Training camp opens in 100°F+ heat. Forget Troy & Emmitt—can the water boy hold up?





THE CHINA TRIP

Clinton Spoke, but Did Anyone Understand?

AS THE WHITE HOUSE SEES IT, THE BIG payoff in **BILL CLINTON'S** trip to China was being able to speak directly to the Chinese people. But while he spoke in English, the masses were listening in Chinese, and the interpretation was not good. Some Chinese academics in the U.S. who listened to the press conference in Beijing say Clinton's polite, subtly worded protest about the loss of life at Tiananmen Square did not

come across to ordinary Chinese. Even worse was Clinton's centerpiece speech at Peking University, where the



Clinton

State Department interpreter had major difficulties, breaking off sentences to start new ones, leaving some key phrases untranslated. The result was disappointing. The Chinese host of the broadcast criticized the interpreter outright, and a Beijing official later observed to his daughter in the U.S. that Clinton came out sounding like a "stupid man who cannot finish a sentence." The State Department has asked for tapes of the broadcasts so the interpretation can be "checked for quality control." —By **Bruce W. Nolan/Washington**

TECHNO-CRIME

Psssst—Wanna Buy the Latest in Bootlegs?

MOVIE PIRATES HAVE FOUND A NEW format in which to load their ill-gotten wares: the video-compact disc, also known as VCD. Popular with Asian counterfeiters for a year or so, the VCD, which resembles the digital videodisc but offers lower-quality images, has begun hitting the U.S., with boots of *Deep Impact* and *Armageddon* now available on the black market in Los Angeles. The discs, which can be played on a DVD machine, are going for as much as \$200 each. —By **Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles**



Armageddon

THE COMING CHAOS

Y2K Is Months Away, but Sharks Are Circling

CHILLED BY A POSSIBLE BLIZZARD OF YEAR 2000—bug lawsuits—one estimate sees \$1 trillion in damages—corporations are asking the feds for help. "Because of fear of litigation, many companies are afraid of sharing information" about their readiness says **HARRIS MILLER**, president of the Information Technology Association of America. President **CLINTON** agrees, and plans to send a bill to Congress this week designed to get companies to reveal how Y2K-O.K. their computers are, in exchange for partial protection from lawsuits. "The maker of any such statement shall not be liable" for it if the company made an effort to tell the truth,

a draft obtained by TIME says. But skeptics argue this lets businesses off the hook. "It's an invitation for sellers to tell their customers a product is Year-2000 compliant when it isn't," says **DAVID FRIEDMAN**, professor of law and economics at Santa Clara University. —By **Declan McCullagh/Washington**

MISSING IN ACTION

Where, O Where, Did They Put the Future?

IN 1960, AT THE MANHATTAN-BASED Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the central body of Reform Judaism, someone decided to create a time capsule to be opened at the millennium. A number of world figures were asked how things would be different in the year 2000. Israeli Prime Minister **DAVID BEN-GURION** predicted that the Soviet Union would be transformed into a "free and democratic" country and that there would be peace between Arabs and Israelis. Lyndon Johnson, then a Senator, saw the end of racial segregation in America. **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** foresaw a Jewish President. Today, because the union is moving offices, it wants to dig out the relic and open it. Trouble is, the union can't find it, and the only record the group has of who said what comes from a couple of newspaper clippings. One story says the time capsule was installed in the building's "walnut-paneled boardroom." That, unfortunately, was an error. —By **Lisa Beyer/Jerusalem**



Ben-Gurion

THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon for TIME by Mike Luckovich

"No, I'm Miss Thang!"

RARE IS A CELEBRITY SO UNIQUE THAT she can be identified with just a single name. Even more rare is when two such celebrities share that name contemporaneously. But it has happened. Here's how to distinguish between the two Monicas.



Monica (Arnold)



Monica (Lewinsky)

OCCUPATION

Pop Star Client

DISTINCTION

The youngest artist to have consecutive No. 1 singles The first White House intern to cause consecutive front-page stories

FAMOUS DUET PARTNER

Brandy Linda Tripp

MOST FAMOUS RECORDINGS

Miss Thang Hours of conversation about the vagaries of interpersonal relationships
The Boy Is Mine

THE RUMOR ABOUT HER

She's pregnant. Her ex-boyfriend is (Not so, she has told newspapers) a Big Shot. (Not so, she has said in an affidavit)

SINGS?

Beautifully Not yet



Wanted Intact

NO, MONEY DOESN'T GROW on trees. It hangs on walls. And that may account for a huge disappearing act. According to Sharon Flesher of the International Foundation for Art Research, some 10,000 items are added yearly to the Art Loss Register, a comprehensive art-theft database. Among the missing works, these stand out.



Our masterpiece gallery of steals: Rembrandt's *Storm on the Sea of Galilee* and Vermeer's *Concert*, part of a \$200 million theft from the Gardner Museum, Boston, 1990; Caravaggio's *Nativity*, feared destroyed, seized from the Oratory of San Lorenzo, Palermo, Italy, 1969; Cézanne's *Still Life with Bowl of Fruit*, stolen in Oberägeri, Zug, Switzerland, 1996; and Corot's *Sèvres Road*, valued at \$1.3 million, lifted from the Louvre, Paris, 1998.

ETIQUETTE

IT'S VINDICTIVE AT THE TOP

After leading the French soccer team to a stunning upset victory over Brazil in the World Cup, coach Aimé Jacquet celebrated by blasting French journalists for their persistent criticism and "shameless lying." Here's a brief survey of some of history's other sore winners:



WINNER

James Cameron *Titanic* does record box office, wins 11 Oscars
Robert Shapiro Helps get O.J. Simpson acquitted
Deion Sanders Helps the Atlanta Braves win the 1992 NL Championship
Richard Nixon Wins 1972 elections by a landslide
Sir Isaac Newton Writes *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*
Christopher Columbus Discovers new world, returns to a majestic royal welcome

ACHIEVEMENT

SMALL BEHAVIOR

Calls for the "impeachment" of Los Angeles Times film critic Kenneth Turan
Slams colleagues, vows never again to talk to F. Lee Bailey or work with Johnnie Cochran
Douses analyst Tim McCarver with ice water for criticizing him on TV
Opens second term by saying he expects his Cabinet and staff to submit their resignations
Delays publication to delete most references to Robert Hooke, who called him a plagiarist
Demands the cash prize intended for the first sailor to see land. That wasn't he

Praying Away the Gay

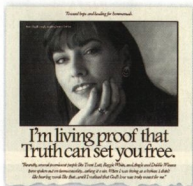
REMEMBER HARRY AND LOUISE, THE WHINY YUPIES who bad-mouthed Clinton's health-care bill to death? Well, meet their evil twins, Anne and John Paulk, the poster couple for the notion that homosexuality can be stopped if only heterosexuality is embraced. Once gay and unbelieving, Anne and John accepted Christ and then each other: one cured homosexual married one saved lesbian. There's a Jack for every Jill in the land of the Christian right.

The Paulks are at the center of a campaign by a coalition of Christian-right groups that placed full-page ads in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and *USA Today* last week. The *Times* ad features a big picture of Anne, who claims to have been saved by Exodus International, a ministry that believes gayness can be overcome by "ongoing submission to the Lordship of Christ." The ad quotes extensively from "The Other Way Out: The Stories of John and Anne Paulk" (and thanks Trent Lott for having the courage to speak the truth about sexual sin). Anne's story is rather chaste: she had several "fleeting" relationships with women in college and a significant one afterward. Even so, she insists that her life-style eventually eroded into "deception, and emotional instability." John is a character out of a Lifetime mini-series. There was Curt, his first love, who left him; his summer job as an \$80-an-hour prostitute; and three years of performing as a drag queen. After his college pastor saved him, John tossed his high heels, dresses, jewelry and wigs into a Dumpster, telling "Candi" goodbye and "I don't need you anymore."

You can't help thinking, Are these people really gay, or is it Memorex? When contacted by *TIME*, Anne Paulk refused to identify the woman with whom she had had a serious affair and conceded that her ties to women in college were "more emotional than sexual" anyway. But she insists "they would have led to sexual relationships" had they continued. Her husband, a former Kinko's manager now with Exodus, is more defensive about his wife's credentials. "It doesn't matter whether she dated 400 women or one. She was a lesbian." So there.

Definitions aside, the couple is certainly useful for putting a kinder, gentler gloss on gay bashing. We aren't intolerant, James Dobson, head of Focus on the Family, can say. We just believe you aren't trying hard enough, and we're here to help.

But the helping hand is hiding a club. If the right could challenge the growing belief that gayness is innate and not a life-style choice, it could galvanize the troops for the fall elections, all the while looking Christian. At this very moment, House conservatives



Paulk says she was a lesbian but now is saved

may try to pass a harsh amendment reversing the federal ban on discrimination against gays.

No doubt there are a few people who think they're gay but aren't, and maybe Exodus has found every one of them. Reading their stories is like watching a spin-off of the Oral Roberts show in which a skeptic finds Christ, shouts that he is healed and throws away his homosexual crutches. Maybe the lame walk and homosexuals become heterosexuals, but I doubt it.

—Reported by Wendy Cole/New York

PERSONNEL DEPT

"YOU CAN'T FIRE ME—I'M BACK!" Sweet-'n'-sour talk-show host Charles Grodin, dropped from the CNBC lineup on June 4, was added to the MSNBC weekend schedule on July 14. "When was the last time somebody was fired and hired by the same place?" he asked. Sorry, Chuck—it happens all the time.



PERSON	JOB	WHEN FIRED / WHEN REHIRED	THE UPSHOT?
Billy Martin	Yankee manager	July 24, 1978 June 17, 1979	So good, he was fired and rehired three more times
Steve Jobs	Apple CEO	Sept. 19, 1985 Sept. 16, 1997	So far, so good
Richard Burton	Liz Taylor's husband	July 4, 1974 Oct. 10, 1975	Love, unfortunately, wasn't better the second time around
Classic Coke	The Real Thing	April 23, 1985 July 10, 1985	What New Coke? The name lives on only in business-school case studies
Grover Cleveland	U.S. President	Nov. 5, 1889 Nov. 7, 1893	Good—he has a rest stop on the Jersey Turnpike named for him



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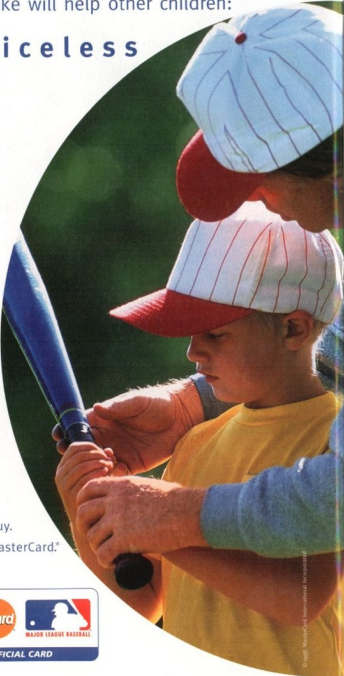
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MILESTONES



BORN. To capricious princess of Monaco **STEPHANIE GRIMALDI**, 33; a girl, Camille Marie Kelly; in Monaco. Stephanie, who has two other children and is divorced, has not revealed the father's identity.

MARRIED. Seemingly newly acquainted twosome **ROBERT EVANS**, 68, the film producer, and **CATHERINE OXENBERG**, 36, the actress; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Said Evans' spokesman: "I didn't even know he knew her."

HIRED. Penitent sportscaster **MARY ALBERT**, 55; by MSG Network; in New York City. Albert, who will play host on a half-hour show and call radio play-by-play for the Knicks, was forced to resign from the network last year following a lurid trial in which he pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor for biting a former lover.



DIED. **NGUYEN NGOC LOAN**, 67, South Vietnamese national-police commander whose 1968 point-blank execution of a bound Viet Cong prisoner in Saigon stunned Americans when they saw it on film; in Burke, Va. The widely reprinted photo, which won a Pulitzer Prize for Associated Press

photographer Eddie Adams, fortified public opinion against the war. After the fall of Saigon, Loan and his family moved to Virginia, where he ran a restaurant. (See *Eulogy* below.)

DIED. **RICHARD McDONALD**, 89, vending visionary who, with his brother Maurice, started a hamburger chain that became international fast-food behemoth McDonald's Corp; in Manchester, N.H. In 1948 the brothers created the first self-service drive-through, offering speedy service and low prices. As the franchise expanded, Maurice handled operations while Richard focused on marketing, designing the now ubiquitous Golden Arches and the "millions served" placards. In 1961 the brothers sold the business for \$2.7 million to Ray Kroc, once their milkshake mixer salesman.



NUMBERS



40 Years it took radio to gain 50 million domestic listeners

13 Years it took television and cable to gain 50 million domestic viewers

4 Years it took the World Wide Web to get 50 million domestic users



104 Total number of strip searches conducted by customs officials at Chicago's O'Hare Airport last year

77 Number conducted on women

15, 12 Number of searched women and men who were carrying drugs



48,659 Total number of days worked by D.G.A. film directors in 1997 (up from 45,955)

3,411 Number worked by minority directors (down from 4,233)

\$25 million Amount Buffalo Bills quarterback Rob Johnson will receive as part of new five-year deal

1 Number of games he's started in his three-year career

Sources: New York Times, USA Today, USA Today, ESPN

EULOGY

I won a Pulitzer Prize in 1969 for a photograph of one man shooting another. Two people died in that photograph: the recipient of the bullet and **GENERAL NGUYEN NGOC LOAN**. The general killed the Viet Cong; I killed the general with my camera. Still photographs are the most powerful weapon in the world. People believe them, but photographs do lie, even without manipulation. They are only half-truths. What the photograph didn't say was, "What would you do if you were the general at that time and place on that hot day, and you caught the so-called bad guy after he blew away one, two or three American soldiers?" General Loan was what you would call a



real warrior, admired by his troops. I'm not saying what he did was right, but you have to put yourself in his position. The photograph also doesn't say that the general devoted much of his time trying to get hospitals built in Vietnam for war casualties. This picture really messed up his life. He never blamed me. He told me if I hadn't taken the picture, someone else would have, but I've felt bad for him and his family for a long time. I had kept in contact with him; the last time we spoke was about six months ago, when he was very ill. I sent flowers when I heard that he had died and wrote, "I'm sorry. There are tears in my eyes."

—Eddie Adams

By Tam Gray, Ian Judson, Michele Orecklin, Edgar Ortega Barrales, Alain Sanders and Jessica Yadegaran

ALL IN THE D

By RICHARD LACAYO

THREE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS of 1997, Monica Lewinsky had a lot on her mind. She had just been served a subpoena in the Paula Jones case. So, on Dec. 22, Lewinsky was driven by Bill Clinton's friend Vernon Jordan to the offices of the new lawyer Jordan had handpicked. There she got help in drafting a sworn affidavit denying that she had ever had a sexual relationship with Clinton. Even as Lewinsky met with Jordan, the President was on a dizzying 36-hr. tour of Bosnia, visiting American G.I.s in Sarajevo. Did Lewinsky try to reach him while he was abroad? Less than a month later, Clinton was asked by lawyers for Jones whether he had been in telephone contact with Lewinsky from Bosnia. Under oath he answered, "No." Then the lawyers asked, "While you were on that trip, did you ask anyone to meet with her?" Clinton said, "Not to my knowledge."

Last week, as the legal skirmishing between Ken Starr and Bill Clinton reached its highest pitch yet, the independent counsel won the right to question someone who was at Clinton's side at virtually every moment of the Bosnia trip: Secret Service special agent Larry Cockell, the President's bodyguard. After a series of courtroom victories that largely swept away the notion of a "protective privilege" shielding Secret Service agents from having to testify about what they saw or heard while on duty, Starr is free to ask Cockell if he knows anything that contradicts the President's testimony. Cockell is expected to go before Starr's grand jury this week. Starr is particularly interested in any contact Clinton may have had with Lewinsky and Jordan at the time the affidavit was signed.

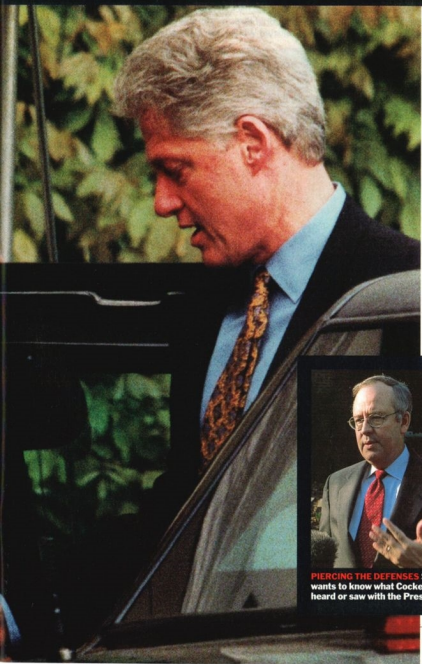
Typically, Starr won the legal battle, but the White House scored public relations points. For months the Administration had argued that if the President began to think of his bodyguards as an attachment of eavesdroppers, he would try to shake them whenever he needed privacy, with unhappy con-



TIME

ETAILED

Now that Ken Starr has the go-ahead to question the President's Secret Service agents, can they tell him what he wants to know?



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

sequences for the presidential life-span. (Cut to the Zapruder film, released this month in video stores everywhere.) But in the White House, there were serious doubts all along that any court would uphold a protective privilege. Administration sources tell *TIME* that last week, even as the White House's argument was bumping painfully and vainly through the courts, Justice Department officials were telling the Treasury Department, which oversees the Secret Service, that chances of prevailing in the matter were virtually nil. But Treasury officials, led by Robert Rubin—who spoke by telephone from Africa, where he was traveling—opted to go ahead anyway.

Justice was right, of course. The privilege argument was rejected by judges over and over last week. On Friday, Chief Justice William Rehnquist dealt it a decisive blow. But for the White House, going to court may have been worth the trouble. Starr's legal vindication could be another of his Pyrrhic victories, a p.r. stumble that compares with his squeezing testimony from Monica Lewinsky's mother. Sworn to sacrifice their life to save the President's, plainclothes agents see themselves as the ultimate

shield. By dragging them before his grand jury, Starr risks treating them like human bugging devices. But the independent counsel has his own calculations. He knows that what the agents may be able to tell him could be worth whatever beating he takes in public opinion to get it.

Starr has long been seeking the testimony of two of the uniformed officers who guard the White House hallways. But last week he startled Washington by issuing his first subpoena to a member of Clinton's plainclothes security detail—Cockell, who until last week was the special agent in charge. Cockell joined the presidential detail almost exactly two years ago. That was two months after Lewinsky had been transferred from the White House to



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

PIERCING THE DEFENSES Starr wants to know what Cockell, left, heard or saw with the President

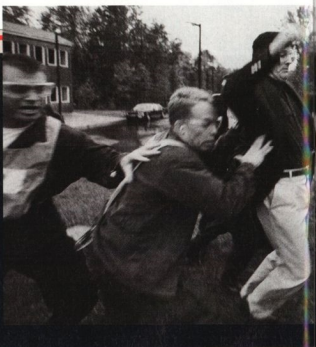
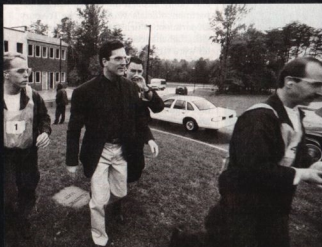
the Pentagon, but it put him in a position to talk about events of this past winter—and not just the Bosnia trip. Starr may want to know if Cockell overheard any discussions Clinton had with Jordan or White House aides that implied Lewinsky would be getting a job in exchange for telling lies in her affidavit.

It was after Cockell was assigned to Clinton that Lewinsky, then working at the Pentagon, made many of her 37 still unexplained visits to the White House. A subpoena sent to the Secret Service indicates that Starr is especially interested in any off-hour visits—early morning, late night and weekends—times when Hillary Rodham Clinton may have been out of town. In particular, in his January deposition in the Jones case, Clinton testified

that he did not recall being alone with Monica or meeting her alone between the hours of midnight and 6 a.m. That testimony conflicts with Linda Tripp's secret tape recordings of Lewinsky, in which Lewinsky, according to people who have heard the tapes, spoke of private sessions with the President that included at least one late at night. Cockell may also have been within earshot of any phone calls between Lewinsky and Clinton at the White House. And Cockell was within earshot of the conversation between Clinton and lawyer Robert Bennett during their January limo ride back from the Paula Jones deposition. But Starr's spokesman, Charles Bakaly, rejected White House assertions that the independent coun-

sel wants to intrude on a lawyer-client moment, using Cockell as the back door.

Watching the Administration's doomed attempt to push its argument through the courts was like witnessing a man spending a week falling down a flight of stairs. Starr subpoenaed the agents on Tuesday, just a week after a three-judge federal appeals panel upheld a lower-court ruling that rejected the protective-privilege claim. By early Thursday morning, Cockell and six officers were at the courthouse in Washington, ready to walk the plank into Starr's grand-jury room. So great was the attention on them that Tripp was able to enter the court in relative peace for her sixth day of testimony.



THE BODYGUARDS: SHADOWS AND SHIELDS

AS SCANDAL WAS SWALLOWING HIS PRESIDENCY, RICHARD NIXON sometimes liked to be taken on long drives around Washington. In the privacy of his limousine, he would discuss Watergate with his closest advisers. It never occurred to him to be concerned that his Secret Service bodyguard, who heard everything from his perch in the front seat, might be forced to testify against him. And the bodyguard never was.

Life in Washington is more complicated these days. Bill Clinton's chief bodyguard, Larry Cockell, the special agent in charge of the presidential-protection division, took himself off the job last week after Chief Justice William Rehnquist ruled that Ken Starr could interrogate Cockell about what he has seen and

heard at Clinton's side. Cockell could lose the SAIC job forever because putting him back on after all the publicity over his subpoena could be too disruptive to his sensitive assignment.

Agents who have been in Cockell's shoes say establishing trust is essential to ensuring the President's safety. For that reason, only the finest agents have a chance to become the SAIC. Cockell is the 24th agent (and the first African American) to hold the post in the protection division's 96-year history. The service's 2,100 plainclothes agents are recruited mostly from the military and law-enforcement departments. All of them have college degrees. Lewis Merletti, the current Secret Service director and a former SAIC, joined the service after a stint in the

The agents got a last-minute reprieve when the three-judge panel determined that they would not have to testify until the full appeals court made up its mind whether to hear the White House argument. To no one's surprise—full court hearings are rarely granted—the judges rejected the idea. The gist of their ruling was that Secret Service agents are sworn officers of the law; they are obliged to testify about potential wrongdoing and can do so without endangering the President's security. In a concurring opinion, Judge Laurence Silberman referred to the proposed privilege as "a constitutional absurdity." The White House hit the last step on

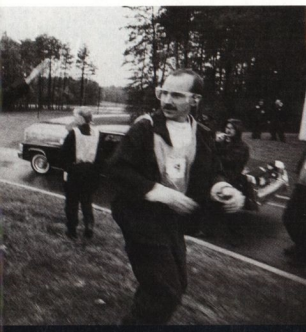
Friday, when Rehnquist declined to delay the subpoenas. Starr questioned officers the same day.

By that time the public relations war was well under way. On Wednesday, NBC Washington bureau chief Tim Russert reported on the *Today* show that Starr's office had subpoenaed the agents partly to learn if any of them had "facilitated" the President in some kind of sexual relationship with Lewinsky. In the winking language of the scandal's sexual steeplechase, "facilitated" is one step removed from "pimped." Clinton's bodyguards were infuriated by the implication that they had been used as errand boys in a presidential affair. Advancing the week's baroque spin,

Clinton's press secretary, Mike McCurry, took great pains to object to Russert's report, saying Starr and his men were "sliming" the agents, an accusation that Bakaly denied.

Starr's quick moves to force the Secret Service testimony are another sign that his hopes for a deal with Lewinsky are all but gone. They rose last month after she changed lawyers, but talks broke down after Starr demanded to interview her in person. His strategy again appears to be to build a circumstantial case against her. For that, he needs the agents' testimony to bolster Tripp's. And the agents' testimony is what he is going to get, whether they like it or not.

—Reported by Michael Duffy, Karen Tumulty and Michael Weisskopf/Washington



Special Forces in Vietnam. Cockell, 47, served in the Army and was a St. Louis, Mo., homicide detective before he came aboard 17 years ago. After stints guarding Ronald Reagan and George Bush, Cockell ran the agency's San Francisco office before returning to the detail in June 1996, two months after Monica Lewinsky left the White House. Last February he became the SAIC.

All recruits spend six or seven years in the field before getting their first taste of the presidential detail. Three additional years of seasoning are required before an agent is given the responsibility of preparing security for a major presidential event. (It falls to the SAIC to plan for such dicey foreign ventures as Clinton's 1997 Bosnia tour.) The schedule is routinely grueling. When the President is traveling, a normal eight-hour shift can easily stretch to 18 or even 24 hours. After every six weeks on

FIRE DRILL
Presidential
bodyguards
training at the
Secret Service
facility near D.C.

the job, members of the detail return to the service's facility in Beltsville, Md., to receive two weeks of intensive retraining.

"Stepping into the line of fire is not something you do by instinct," Merletti has said. "It's a perishable skill." The bodyguards earn \$90,000 on average plus limited overtime pay. Cockell makes about \$110,000 but is exempt from overtime.

Presidents never get to choose their SAIC—a fact that has led to dustups between the service and past Administrations—and relations between a President and his bodyguard can get awkward when professionalism conflicts with familiarity. Gerald Ford used to invite his chief agent up to the family quarters for a drink, but the agent always declined. As a former SAIC says, "You want the President's respect but not his friendship."

—By James Carney/Washington

Tradition with a Twist

It looked like a First Lady-like journey to promote historic preservation, but Hillary gave it an edge

By KAREN TUMULTY PITTSFIELD

THE LAST TIME HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON launched a cross-country bus caravan—during her disastrous 1994 effort to transform health care—she met cancellations at every stop. An airplane overhead towed a banner: BEWARE THE PHONY EXPRESS. In Seattle, protesters mobbed her limousine. "I had not seen faces like that since the segregation battles of the '60s," she later said. "They had such hatred."

Last week Hillary hit the road again, and the view from her bus window could hardly have been more different. In picturesque villages and grimy towns along the way, tens of thousands braved hours of midsummer heat just to catch a glimpse of her. "Come back as President, Hillary!" a man shouted in Pittsfield, Mass. When she made an unscheduled stop for a chocolate-and-vanilla ice cream cone at a roadside stand in tiny Weedsport, N.Y., the owner put up a sign urging passersby to TRY THE HILLARY TWIST.

Perhaps the mood was so much rosier this time because there was so much less at stake. The First Lady's latest mission was, well, First Lady-like: to train the spotlight on what the White House calls "America's Treasures"—historic and cultural sites that have been so neglected that many could be lost. She began her trip at the Smithsonian, where the flag that in 1814 inspired Francis Scott Key to write *The Star-Spangled Banner* is faded and deteriorating. Other stops ranged from the New Jersey laboratory where Thomas Edison came up with more than half of his 1,093 patented inventions, and where 5 million documents, including lab notes and letters, are rotting, to a Pittsfield theater that once saw performances by Sarah Bernhardt and John Philip Sousa but now houses a funky paint store.

The bus tour was Hillary's most public moment since last January, when scandal enveloped the White House and the nation saw a darkly defiant First Lady rising to her husband's defense against a "vast, right-wing conspiracy." The reception she re-

ceived last week confirmed what the polls are showing: that her popularity is near its all-time high, with approval ratings almost equaling those of the President.

Back in Washington, health care was again on the front burner. But as her husband was rallying the American Medical Association and lobbying for managed-care reform on Capitol Hill, the First Lady was at Harriet Tubman's home, lamenting the disappearance of its artifacts. Hillary says she is not bothered by the obvious point that she is stepping back into the unobjectionable pursuits that have traditionally defined the role of First Lady. As she put it in an interview with TIME, "I just do what I think I'm interested in and what I believe is important as a contribution to the country, and I really don't think about how other people characterize it."

And when her caravan rolled to its final stop, a 150th anniversary celebration of the birth of the women's movement at Seneca Falls, N.Y., it again became apparent that Hillary Clinton will never be an old-fashioned First Lady. To the 14,000 people who came out to see her—filling a football field from end zone to end zone—she gave a speech that she had been up writing most of the night. It touched on

many of the causes she has long advocated: equal pay for women, affordable child care, gun control, guaranteed pensions and—yes—universal health care. Noting that the leaders of Seneca Falls had been called "mannish women, old maids, fanatics," Hillary said, "If it sounds familiar, it's the same thing that's always said when women keep going forward for true equality and justice."

The Monica Matter, of course, was never mentioned. "It is both invigorating and very reassuring to see that most Americans are really focused on how they can make their own lives better and strengthen their own families," she told TIME. But a day later, at her rally in Troy, N.Y., one of those pesky little airplanes passed overhead, towing another of those impertinent banners. This one asked, WHO'S WATCHING BILL?

—With reporting by Ginia Bellafante/
Seneca Falls and Jay Branegan/Troy



BANNER DAYS
A replica of the Fort Henry original





On the Road Again

BROWNIE POINTS

A warm welcome from a Girl Scout troop in Waterloo, N.Y.

TESTING, TESTING, 1-2-3

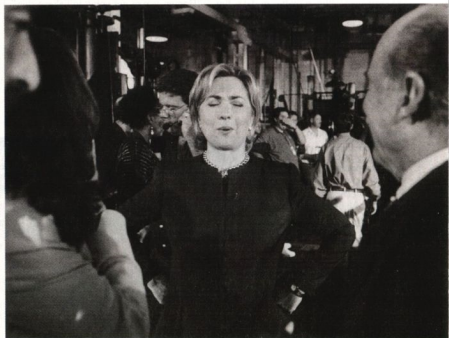
Recording on a phonograph at the Edison lab in West Orange, N.J.

FUNNY LADY

GE chairman Jack Welch provides an appreciative audience

PERIOD PIECE

Intrigued by a 19th century setting in Auburn, N.Y.





MANHUNT Search team in Nantahala last week; a sketch of Rudolph, above, based on the latest sighting

The Forest Is His Ally

A fugitive reappears, only to slink back into the woods—among those for whom he is almost a hero

By SYLVESTER MONROE

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST? MYSTERY and elusiveness—and keeping several steps ahead of the law. Six months ago, when federal agents identified Eric Robert Rudolph as the man they believe responsible for the Jan. 29 bombing of an abortion clinic in Birmingham, Ala., that killed an off-duty police officer and severely wounded a nurse, they were confident they would arrest the itinerant carpenter within a matter of days. But like a latter-day, albeit sinister, Robin Hood eluding the Sheriff of Nottingham, Rudolph, 31, a former private in the 101st Airborne skilled at surviving in the wilderness, vanished into the mountainous woods of southwestern North Carolina. And despite being wanted for questioning in the Olympic bombing and two other Atlanta explosions, he is inexplicably becoming a local celebrity, an anti-hero evoking sympathy and endorsed in his very own Sherwood Forest.

Few enticements and entrapments have worked: a place on the FBI's ten-most-wanted list and a manhunt stretching as far as Denver have produced nothing. A \$1 million reward has found no takers. Until two weeks ago, Rudolph had not been seen since the day

after the bombing, when he rented the video *Kull the Conqueror*, stocked up on raisins, trail mix and batteries and bought \$11 worth of burgers and fries from the Burger King in his hometown of Murphy, N.C. The trail had gone stone cold. And then on July 11, George Nordmann, 71, owner of the Better Way health-food store in downtown Andrews, only about 10 miles from Murphy, confessed to a Macon County sheriff's deputy that Rudolph had come to his house asking for food four days before. "Homer, you're not going to believe this," deputy Kenny Cope told his boss, Sheriff Homer Holbrooks, "but I've got a man at the house who had contact with Eric Rudolph." "You're sh_____ me," Holbrooks retorted. The deputy insisted it was no joke.

Nordmann, who had known Rudolph from years ago, told authorities that the suspect's appearance has changed considerably. Sporting a beard and a ponytail and dressed in a camouflage outfit and gloves,

Rudolph reportedly told Nordmann, "Look at me. I look like a hippie." He also told Nordmann that he had lost weight, pulling on his baggy trousers to demonstrate how he'd lost about six inches off his waistline. "Being on the run like this, I'm starving to death," he reportedly said, telling Nordmann he had been surviving on green beans and oatmeal.

During that meeting, which lasted about 30 minutes on Tuesday, July 7, Nordmann told police that Rudolph also tried to convince him he was innocent. The next day Nordmann went to his store and stayed the night there because he was worried about the encounter with Rudolph and about returning home. While he was gone, police believe Rudolph returned to Nordmann's house either late that night or Thursday and took 50 to 75 lbs. of food, including canned green beans, beets, corn, tuna fish, raisins and a large bag of wheat bran. He carried it away in Nordmann's 1977 Nissan pickup truck, which the store owner discovered missing when he returned home on Thursday. Police later found the truck at a nearby campground with a handwritten note from Rudolph inside. The contents of the note have not been released. At home, Nordmann found five \$100 bills, presumably left by Rudolph as payment for the food.

Nordmann nevertheless struggled with his knowledge of the encounter. Described by neighbors as a deeply religious Roman Catholic father of 11 children, he once taught woodshop briefly at the local high school and considers himself a good citizen. But he also felt the local boy's protestations of innocence may have some weight. Finally, after thinking things over, he decided to tell police of his meeting. "It was very traumatic for him," said the Georgia Bureau of Investigation forensic artist who drew the updated composite sketch of Rudolph from Nordmann's description. "He was concerned about what the Lord might do to him for helping this fugitive."

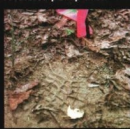
Federal agents and local police were encouraged by the new leads Nordmann provided. The story reaffirmed what they had thought from the beginning—that Rudolph

had not left the rugged mountain terrain of the southern Appalachians. "When you've gone five or six months without seeing or knowing he's there, it's gratifying to get some confirmation," says Joe Lewis, the special agent in charge of the Birmingham FBI office. "We've now confirmed what we felt all along," says Woody Anderson,



THE TRUCK Nordmann's 1977 Nissan pickup was recovered by authorities. Rudolph had abandoned it in the woods before disappearing once again

FOOTPRINTS A shoe tread was found near Nordmann's recovered pickup truck



the Atlanta FBI agent in charge of the Southeast Bomb Task Force. After the latest sighting, the task force was doubled to more than 200 agents and officers, who worked around the clock last week searching a 30-sq.-mi. area in the Nantahala National Forest. Operating out of a two-story building half a block from Nordmann's health-food store, the task force has also taken over an entire campground in the national forest, cordoning off nearly an entire mountain at the height of the summer tourist season. Searchers are now rappelling from helicopters to the highest slopes and ridges in their manhunt.

Through all this, Rudolph the woodsman has the advantage. The heavily armed teams of two, three and four searching the deep woods have to keep in contact by bouncing messages off a plane patrolling the skies. It is the only way to overcome the mountains that interfere with radio transmission. At night, helicopters equipped with infrared sensors help investigators detect movement. However, the rock face, retaining heat from the sun, often gives off false readings.

Among many people of the mountains, Rudolph is being given the benefit of the doubt. "If Eric Rudolph is in these mountains, they ain't going to find him," says a lifelong resident of the area who says she would not turn him in. "They're city people. I am more worried for them than those people. They have bothered us a lot more than he ever will. He's from here. I'd never turn him in for a million dollars and have to live with it for the rest of my life." At the Nantahala Volunteer Fire department, where Friday-night Bingo games pay out \$10,000, a poster boasts RUDOLPH PLAYS HERE, and the owner of Lake's End Store is changing the sign outside her mountain-side grocery and café to read ERIC ATE HERE. Says J.D. Prince, who plans to build a 100,000-sq.-ft. indoor flea market called the Hillbilly Mall in Nantahala near Andrews: "He ain't going to hurt none of us. Nobody has proven he has done anything yet. If people here knew in their mind that he was guilty, they'd help the FBI find him. The problem is they don't know for sure."

Agents, on the other hand, believe they are after the right man, and they believe he is armed and extremely dangerous. After hearing reports that Rudolph had asked Nordmann about the location of the federal agents, officials brought in bomb-sniffing dogs to patrol the perimeter of the task-force headquarters. They are also concerned about booby traps in the area. But their greatest nemesis is Rudolph's greatest ally: the deep and dark forest that has protected him so well.

—With reporting by

Timothy Roche/Andrews

■ DIVIDING LINE ■

Jack E. White

"It's Still White Supremacy"

Julian Bond restores the focus of the N.A.A.C.P.

THE LAST TIME I WROTE ABOUT THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE advancement of Colored People, back in 1995, it was a real horror story. The venerable civil rights organization had just ousted its executive director, Benjamin Chavis, for dipping into the treasury to settle a sexual-harassment case against him. The chairman of the board, William Gibson, had been accused by other board members of running up his N.A.A.C.P. expense account by thousands of dollars. Membership was dropping. There was a deficit of nearly \$4 million. The only message was chaos. Better, I argued, to pull the plug on the N-Double-A and replace it with a new organization.

I'm glad they ignored my advice.

By last week, when the granddaddy of all civil rights organizations met in Atlanta for its 89th annual convention, it was in its best shape since Roy Wilkins stepped down as executive director in the late 1970s. There's a surplus of \$2 million. Membership has stabilized at 400,000. A bevy of impressive talents like



N.A.A.C.P. leaders Bond and Mfume

youth director Jamal Bryant has joined the staff. And the N.A.A.C.P. has recovered the impatient, insistent but always dignified voice that made it the most important force in the fight against segregation. As the new chairman of the board, Julian Bond, 58, declared in his keynote speech, "I promise you'll be reading about the N.A.A.C.P. because we are fighting for civil rights and not because we are fighting each other."

Which is bad news for Ward Connerly and his allies in the anti-affirmative action movement, who have prospered in recent years because the N.A.A.C.P. ceded them the moral high ground. Almost all efforts to increase minority participation in the workplace and on campus have been redefined by opponents as quotas and racial preferences. Lurid stories about white male job seekers or college applicants being passed over for less qualified blacks or women have been accepted as the norm, even though many of the tales turned out to be bogus. Yet the N.A.A.C.P. was in such disarray that it couldn't fight back.

Those days ended five months ago, when Bond took over as chairman. Meanwhile, former Baltimore Congressman Kweisi Mfume, the hapless Chavis' replacement as executive director, has proved to be an adept fund raiser and effective lobbyist. Bond's predecessor as chairman, Myrlie Evers-Williams, did such a good job of cleaning up Gibson's mess that Bond is free to devote himself to the organization's true mission: fighting for racial justice. He's the right man for the job: a charismatic civil rights hero since the 1960s, when he served as spokesman for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Since then he has worked as a college history professor, as narrator of the civil rights documentary *Eyes on the Prize*, and even as a poet.

Bond does not mince words. When I asked him what issues he thought the N.A.A.C.P. would be dealing with in the next century, he said, "It's still white supremacy. It still means so much to those who practice it. It defines who they are. It makes them feel that they are better than others. It ensures them positions in employment and college admissions they otherwise might not have. It still puts a lid on the dreams of black people, though to a lesser extent than in the past because of the civil rights movement." That, to be sure, is a message a lot of people, black and white, don't want to listen to anymore. But with an advocate as eloquent as Bond making the case, it's a message they ought to hear. ■



HUNGRY SPECTERS

A starving child at the edge of a feeding station, its mother's shadow cast on the tent's canvas

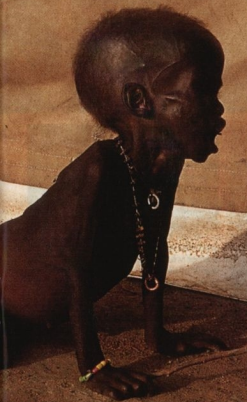
Photographs by Paul Lowe—Magnum

W O R L D

SUDAN

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING AGAIN?

In unholy synergy, drought and human folly
are producing another shocking famine

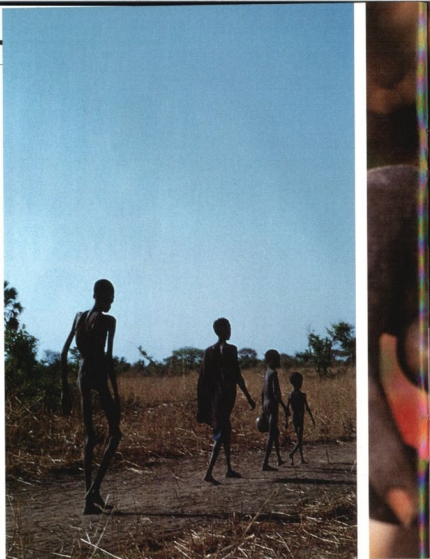


By BRUCE W. NELAN

THE FLAT, PARCHED PLAINS OF Sudan seem to run on endlessly, right over the horizon. Outside the few towns, there are no roads, no telephones, no electricity. The country is a vast emptiness of almost 1 million sq. mi.; yet it is home to just 28.5 million people, and the only way to get from one place to another is to walk. If you are starving, it can take days or weeks to stagger to one of the dozen feeding centers run by international aid agencies. That is what thousands of stick-thin Sudanese are doing right now: trekking desperately in search of food, tottering, often falling into the dust to die, sometimes within sight of their goal. This time it is not only emaciated mothers with their hollow-cheeked children but skeletal men as well, not just in the war-ravaged south but also in the north. Across the pitiless expanse of Sudan, starvation threatens 2.6 million people, of whom 350,000 may be facing death.

Why is this happening? Why are we seeing these wrenching pictures again? Isn't the U.N. doing its job? Didn't President Clinton go to Africa last spring and promise to pay more attention? Well, it seems Sudan is what the aid professionals euphemistically call a "complex emergency." In their terminology, a simple emergency is one that is either man-made or the result of natural disasters. A complex emergency is a catastrophe caused by man and nature working together to destroy. That definition fits Sudan's crisis to doleful perfection.

Yet it is nothing new. For much of the past two decades, every three or four years, like clockwork, the country lapses into famine brought on not just by bad luck but also by the combined follies of nearly everyone involved. The 15-year-old civil war between the Islamic government in Khartoum and the rebel Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) in the south has stripped the country virtually to the bone. When the fighting is going badly for its side, the government tries to starve the rebels into submission by cutting off food aid. The rebel fighters routinely take food from civilians to sustain themselves or block supplies from reaching the territory of their factional rivals. And the aid community stands accused of sheer pusillanimity, docilely submitting to the strictures of the Sudanese government rather than pushing through the assistance the country urgently needs. Even the U.S. government, pledged to prevent such needlessly recurring famines, has "screwed up royally," admits a senior Clinton Administration official. "We are all to blame for this massive failure."



Now that the world is discovering the extent of the incipient tragedy, Washington, the U.N. and nongovernmental relief organizations are all pointing fingers at one another, insisting that someone else should have seen this coming and taken action. White House officials say they are furious at the U.S. Agency for International Development (U.S.A.I.D.) for not sounding the alarm sooner. But hunger is a constant threat in Sudan, and the main aid supplier, Operation Lifeline Sudan, a consortium of U.N. agencies and nongovernmental organizations, has been in business since 1989, when 250,000 died. Sudan suffered a killer famine as recently as 1994. Everyone involved knew the country would need food aid this year; they just didn't seem either to know how much or to move fast enough.

As appalling pictures of the starving began stirring up humanitarian outrage, Bill Clinton, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, Defense Secretary William Co-

hen and National Security Adviser Sandy Berger met in Washington to discuss emergency action. The U.S., the biggest contributor of funds and food to Sudan, originally offered \$23.7 million between now and next spring. Two weeks ago, the U.S. raised its donation to \$75 million, and in his radio address last Saturday, Clinton promised to send more.

What the Sudanese call the "hunger gap"—the period between April and September when food from the previous harvest runs out while it is still too early for the next—is nothing new. The gap hits hard each time, but every three or four years, when nature serves up a prolonged drought, it widens into full-scale famine. The current dry spell has been devastating, destroying the past two harvests. Without the rains, the pasture lands and rivers that supply fish have dried up, leaving hungry farm families nothing to fall back on.

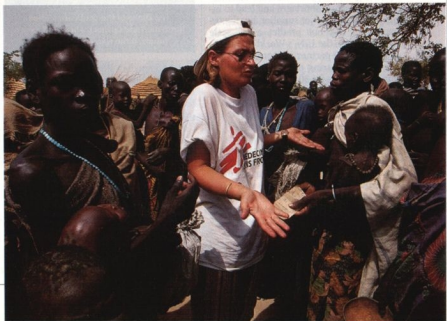
But the depth of each famine is an inte-



THERE IS NO FOOD

A mother cannot provide it for her starving child; and at a feeding station run by Doctors Without Borders, an aid worker, right, tells desperate Sudanese who have walked to the camp that there will not be enough to feed them all

gral part of the civil war that has slaughtered an estimated 1.5 million people in the past 15 years. The warring parties use food as a weapon, caring little about starving people until the world periodically turns its cameras on the horror. This past winter, the usual man-made mischief was compounded by a three-way power struggle. A breakaway rebel faction that had joined the government side robbed and pillaged hungry villages for Khartoum, then switched its loyalty back to the SPLA. In January the SPLA launched a bloody antigovernment offen-

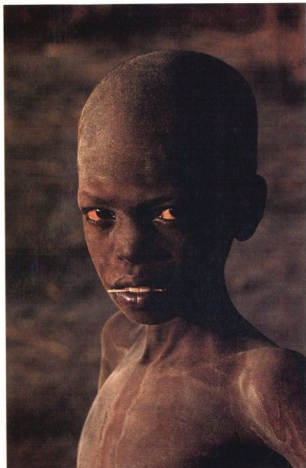


sive in the south that prevented farmers from cultivating and cut off what little food aid was coming in, driving a flood of 100,000 refugees into the already starving 52,000-sq.-mi. southern region of Bahr el Ghazal. Now 700,000 people there have nothing to eat except what aid workers can bring in.

Loosing ground on the battlefield, the Islamist government saw this as a chance to put pressure on the rebels, so Khartoum barred all relief flights—the only effective means of delivering food—into the neediest areas for all of February and March. Over the years, the U.N.'s Operation Lifeline has customarily submitted to the government's restrictions as the price of maintaining access, eroding Lifeline's mandate and independence. This spring its directors feared the regime would shut it down if it became too pushy. "As an institution," complains a State Department official, "it has been consumed with trying to survive." In Washington, though aid officials were frustrated by the flight ban, no one pushed to put public pressure on Khartoum.

Other institutions charged with monitoring the countries liable to famine failed to deliver strong, early warnings. Last September the U.S.A.I.D. put out a bulletin on its Famine Early Warning System predicting that Sudan's bad harvest would cause shortages and lead to intensified fighting over supplies, but the organization did not predict a full-scale famine. When the U.N.'s World Food Program, a major partner in Operation Lifeline, was preparing in December to ask donor countries for 30,000 tons of food for Sudan, its own estimates showed at least 35,000 tons would be needed. (Today the program says Sudan will need 15,000 tons a month.) But because of "donor fatigue" and the immense delivery problems, the program scaled back its request. Says an aid coordinator: "They defined the need according to their resources rather than the other way around."

By the time Operation Lifeline grew alarmed enough at the escalating shortages in mid-April to press Khartoum to reopen southern air strips and drop zones, it did not have enough chartered planes to make deliveries: it had just one C-130 Hercules, which can carry 16 tons of cargo,



BREATH OF LIFE

The Dinka of the south are skilled herdsman and farmers who could have a future, if the war would ever end

and two smaller Buffalos. At the end of April, the Sudanese government grudgingly gave clearance for three more chartered C-130s. Soon four big Ilyushin-76s (cargo capacity: 32 tons) are also to be allowed in. With this beefed-up air service, deliveries will soon reach 10,000 tons a month. That is better, but not close to the 15,000 tons required. "The only way to put an end to this," says Catherine Bertini, executive director of the World Food Program, "is to stop the war."

But there has been vicious warfare on and off since Sudan's independence in 1956. Africa's largest country is really two: an Islamic, Arabized north and a Christian, animist and African south. The government in Khartoum is headed by Lieut. General

Omar Hassan al-Bashir, but the real power is Hassan al-Turabi, a radical scholar who leads the National Islamic Front and is intent on enforcing Muslim law on the land. On the battlefield, the shifting coalition led by John Garang's SPLA has been successful recently, opening a new front in the northeast. Officially the rebels are fighting for self-rule, but their private agenda has always included a slot for outright independence. These days Garang may hope to conquer the whole country, but so far, neither side has been able to win.

While the armies struggle, the people are trampled by wave after wave of marauders. Khartoum has been buying off rebel leaders from the south and turning them loose on their own people. Another scourge is the Popular Defense Force militia—Arab horsemen recruited as army auxiliaries who also raid southern villages, stealing cattle, shooting young men and kidnapping women and children.

Now that world attention is again focusing accusingly on Sudan, the government and the rebels have agreed to a short cease-fire to give food shipments free access. The pause does not guarantee either that enough food to end the famine will get through all the unruly rebel factions and bandits or that talks on a more permanent peace will get under way in earnest. The regime in Khartoum, weary of a war that is costing \$1 million a day, and increasingly unpopular as it seeks to draft the nation's reluctant youth into the fruitless fight, is ready to talk about autonomy for the south; Garang, with visions of victory, refuses.

But peace is the commodity the Sudanese people need most. Their starvation is all the worse because it is so unnecessary. Southern Sudan offers some of the most productive land in Africa, and the people who live there are hardworking farmers and herdsman, past masters at raising cattle, coping with scanty rainfall and husbanding seeds. If the battles would only end, they could make it on their own. Instead, tens of thousands of them are likely to die in this famine and the next one, which is sure to come. —Reported by William Dowell/United Nations, Clive Mutiso/Khartoum and Douglas Waller/Washington

A Fiery Test Of Peace

Three needless deaths may help strengthen the Northern Ireland pact

By **BARRY HILLENBRAND** RASHARKIN

SOME SEASONS, JUST BEING IRISH SEEMS curse enough, and never more so than in Northern Ireland's annual marching season, when Protestant pride expresses itself in drum-banging celebration of Catholic defeat. Down the streets of Belfast, through such villages as Drumcree, the brethren of the Orange Order must go each July, drums pounding, flutes trilling out martial tunes, banners fluttering portraits of William of Orange triumphing over the Catholics at the Battle of the Boyne 308 years ago.

Was it just for that privilege that Lee Quinn, only 12 years old, found himself last week in the back bedroom of his grandmother's house in Rasharkin, dazedly watching over three small white coffins holding all that remained of his three younger brothers? They burned to death when Protestant thugs, angered by a ban on the Orange Order's march down Drumcree's Garvaghy Road, tossed a fire bomb through the window of the Catholic family's home in a mostly Protestant housing development in the town of Ballymoney. Lee was saved because he had been spending the night with his grandmother. "It's hot in here," he murmured as he pulled back the flowered bedsheet that served as a curtain and popped open the window. The thud of the mighty drums down the road grew louder, making the floors vibrate. On the day of the wake, Rasharkin happened to be the venue for the local Orange Order marches.

The marchers knew the Quinn family was in the one-story house they were passing; band members were asked to stop playing when they were directly in front. "There's not too many grieving in this town," said Irene Quinn, the dead boys' grandmother. Those who were grieving could do nothing but sit behind their curtains and wait for the Protestant parades to finish so Catholic friends could safely



SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS: The Quinn brothers' death deeply shocked the province

come by to bid farewell to the boys. One day later, weeping mourners formed their own somber parade behind the coffins bearing the boys to a hillside cemetery.

The dying was supposed to be over in Northern Ireland since Good Friday, when the sectarian communities that had killed and cried for more than 30 years accepted a peace agreement for sharing power designed to allow both sides to live and let live. But an impassioned Protestant minority refuses to accept the peace agreement, and so they set themselves to defy a ruling by the government's new Parades Commission.

They made the past two weeks look like the bad old days as Northern Ireland lapsed into a spasm of violence and madness. Angry members of the Orange Order chose Drumcree to confront the police and British troops barring their march down Garvaghy Road. They said they were merely claiming their basic civil right to walk the Queen's highway, but they fear that if their marching stops, they will lose their dominion over the six counties of the North. The sensible among them called for keep-

ing the protest peaceful, but each night, gangs of Protestant youths resorted to violence as hundreds of fire bombs were pitched at churches and the homes of Catholic families unfortunate enough to live in vulnerable areas. Last Sunday one of those bombs incinerated the Quinn children within minutes.

It did not matter whether the militant Protestants who threw the fire bomb meant to kill or only to intimidate. Once again the country was burying innocent victims of the Troubles—and this time the coffins were white and the pain triple. The makers of the landmark truce wondered if their labors had been in vain and the prospect of peace was slipping away.

But for most Protestants as well as Catholics, this slaughter of the innocents went too far, inspiring a shock of revulsion so deep it had the effect of bringing the province back to its senses. From his pulpit in the church of Pomeroy, the Rev. William Bingham, deputy grand chaplain of the Orange Order, told his followers that no parade down a road "is worth a life—let alone three lives of three innocent boys." Leading Protestant clergymen urged the protesters "in the name of God" to leave Drumcree, and most did. British Prime Minister Tony Blair voiced the hopes of many when he said the tragedy would actually strengthen the agreement.

The ugly violence embarrassed many of the law-abiding members of the Orange Order who, although they may not welcome the new universe of inclusiveness, forswear violence as the solution. The split in Protestant ranks runs deep, and after last week the extremists seem ever more isolated, even within their own religious community. How small that consolation, though, for the Quinns. ■



GRIM GRIEF: Lee Quinn, with his mother, weeps for his kin



WORLD

FINAL RITES FOR THE CZAR

After 80 years, the Romanovs are laid to rest with more Russian politics than national repentance

By PAUL QUINN-JUDGE ST. PETERSBURG



THE FUNERAL LAST WEEK of the last Czar of Russia and his family, held in the austere beautiful confines of St. Petersburg's Peter and Paul Fortress, was originally intended to be an act of national repentance for 80 years of death and division. It turned out to be a symbol of the dominant feature of Russian politics today: the fine art of cutting a deal.

For the priests and the President in the cathedral last Friday, the small coffins in front of them were not those of Nicholas II, his wife, three of his children and four faithful retainers. (The remains of two children, Alexei and Maria, have yet to be found.) In the view of the church, the boxes draped with the imperial flag contained the skeletons of anonymous victims of the political terror that engulfed Russia after the overthrow of autocracy in 1917. The head of the Russian Orthodox Church, Alexi II, who has been accused by former dissidents of collaboration with the Soviet-era KGB, expresses doubts about the au-

thenticity of the bones, despite positive DNA tests. He calls them the "Yekaterinburg remains," a reference to the town in the Urals where the imperial family was killed in the early hours of July 17, 1918. President Boris Yeltsin—who as Communist Party chief there in 1977 had destroyed the site of the massacre—denounced the murder during his funeral address but stuck to the official church description of the remains as innocent and unnamed victims.

Yeltsin's mere presence at the rites was an unexpected act of political daring. The idea of national repentance for the murders was dropped months ago after the Patriarch withheld his blessing, and most leading politicians, with the exception of the ambitious Alexander Lebed and opposition leader Grigori Yavlinsky, found other things to do that Friday. Yeltsin's sudden decision to appear achieved the effect he so clearly enjoys, catching his rivals off balance and making them look foolish. This time, however, his about-face may have been inspired by more profound considerations. The day before the funeral, the one living Russian with any claims to sainthood, Dmitri Likhachev, 91, spoke on the phone with the President and urged him to at-



REQUIEM The remains were displayed in Yekaterinburg, top left, before the funeral in St. Petersburg, which was attended by Likhachev and Yeltsin, above; mourners prayed at the execution site, right

tend. Yeltsin is reputed to be in awe of Likhachev, a specialist in early Russian literature and a survivor of one of the worst of the early Soviet political prisons, where in previous centuries the Orthodox Church sent its dissidents. Soon after the call, Yeltsin announced he would travel to St. Petersburg, and during the ceremony Likhachev stood just behind the President.

Surviving members of the Romanov



JIM SPELLMAN/REUTERS

himself away when he went on to suggest that Rasputin—the Czarina's "spiritual adviser" whose scandalous reputation did so much to discredit the Czar—was given a raw deal. The guiding logic of the programs seemed to be that if the Bolsheviks hated Nicholas, he must have been a wonderful man.

In fact, Nicholas II is viewed by most historians as a mediocre personality, deeply flawed and sometimes sinister. Popular unrest was ruthlessly suppressed by his army in 1905 and again in 1917, until the troops themselves mutinied that February. The Czar presided over a court and political system so byzantine that several of his ministers were assassinated by "revolutionaries" who were in reality secret police, and a Prime Minister, Sergei Witte, suspected until the end of his life that the identities of those behind a plot to kill him were known to the Czar. These defects were erased in most people's minds by the manner of the Romanovs' death: the massacre in the cellar of the Ipatiev house in Yekaterinburg, the 12 bullet holes in the body of Alexei—"a beautiful child," one of the executioners recalled—and the way some of the women who hid behind cushions were finished off with bayonets. The killers took a certain pride in their work: in a 1964 interview taped for secret Communist Party archives, one of the execution party jovially referred to the corpses as *golubchiki*—the little dears.

Many networks—as well as a site on the Web—offered Russians live coverage of the events. But life in St. Petersburg went on as usual. The center of the city is turning into a smaller version of Moscow, with Gucci shops and bodyguards, hotels with London prices and unofficial landmarks of the new order—like the spot on Nevsky Prospekt, the city's most famous shopping street, where a top government official was gunned down last year in a highly professional contract hit. As the funeral proceeded, city streets were busy, shops and offices were open as usual and few people seemed touched by the event. "I'll catch it on the news," said Lyudmila Petrova, a shop worker on Nevsky Prospekt. Tanya, a slender 19-year-old in a miniskirt waiting by a chauffeured Mercedes for her businessman boyfriend, said she had not missed a single TV program on the Romanovs all week. "It was so sad," she said, "but it doesn't seem like it happened here—it's like a miniseries." The muted response to the funeral, in political circles and on the street, suggests that Russians have not yet found a way of coming to terms with their past. The real question is whether they are even trying anymore. ■



REUTERS/STANISLAV STRECH

family—who had come from addresses as diverse as Paris; Oakland, Calif.; New South Wales; and East Sussex—kept a low profile. Those who spoke Russian did so in an archaic St. Petersburg accent that has all but disappeared. Some, such as the mayor of Palm Beach, Fla., Paul Ilinsky, never learned the language. They were restrained in their comments on Nicholas and made no claim to any stake in Russia's political future.

The Russian media showed no such restraint. In the days preceding the funeral, the country's largest privately owned network, NTV, ran a series of programs and discussions that all but canonized Nicholas and endorsed autocracy. His Russia, NTV told its viewers, was a country of "order and prosperity." One young historian argued that Nicholas was a statesman of almost supernatural insight, though he gave

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THE TROUBLE

It isn't labor, although that's bad enough. GM has too many models, plants

By **RON STODGHILL II** DETROIT

WHEN GENERAL MOTORS' SATURN plant was opened amid the cornfields of Spring Hill, Tenn., in 1990, it was billed as a kind of corporate nirvana where a folksy labor force and enlightened managers would happily work to produce some of the best darn American cars on the road. The plant represented a unified front against growing Japanese imports and offered the broader prospect of peace between GM and the United Auto Workers.

But last week the seething revolt that started at two GM parts plants in old-fashioned Flint, Mich., spread to this Southern paradise. The Flint strike shut off critical parts to the company, forcing the closure of 26 assembly plants and 100 component factories across North America and idling 186,000 workers. The strike is weighing on the economy too, contributing to a 0.6% drop in industrial output in June. The Saturn factory is the only GM plant in the U.S. still turning out cars. Leaders at Saturn's Local 1853, angry over a management decision to cut negotiated bonuses from \$1,400 to \$390, among other issues, planned a vote for Sunday on whether to strike the New Age plant. The angst is spreading, with union locals at GM plants in Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; and Bowling Green, Ky., talking about their own job actions once the Flint strike is set-

tled. GM insists it is just trying to stay competitive in outmoded plants, but the company's tough stance has rankled labor. Says Richard Shoemaker, the U.A.W. vice president negotiating with GM: "You never have to phony things up with GM to get a strike going. There are always enough legitimate issues around."

Settling the strike—an arbitration hearing is scheduled for Wednesday over GM's claim that the walkouts in Flint are illegal—is to some extent the least of the company's problems. GM faces enormous challenges with its products, its market strategy, its international business and even its leadership. Many of GM's critics believe that the world's largest automaker needs another total makeover. That means dumping factories, jobs—even executives—not to mention junking some of the nameplates no longer needed in GM's shrinking empire.

The last time GM reorganized, in 1992, following a directors' revolt, chairman John F. (Jack) Smith Jr. was handed the wheel. Now the company that Smith heads is reeling. Profits fell 81% in the second quarter, to \$389 million from \$2.1 billion. Results would have been weak even without the strike.

The Saturn conflict is a case study in GM's mounting woes. Perhaps the company's most notable success in the 1990s, the mid-priced, compact Saturns were sold with a revolutionary no-pressure style of salesmanship. Saturn has won high praise

for winning consumers away from the likes of popular Toyota and Honda. Trouble is, corporate infighting over resources has prevented GM from upgrading Saturn's basic design or adding a new model since the station wagon was introduced in 1992. Worse yet, other GM divisions pump out small cars to compete with Saturn.

Saturn's factory-floor democracy turned orrery as Detroit bean counters pushed to cut costs in this eroding market. For example, over the Fourth of July weekend, headquarters called Spring Hill to check on how many people were in the plant working on maintenance chores, accusing them of larding the payroll. "We're working on things, and they're calling down here saying we have too many people," gripes Mike Bennett, bargaining chairman of U.A.W. 1853. "You save a few hundred dollars in overtime, but you could lose millions down the road." If the line goes down, the dollars must fast.

GM is torn between such scattershot cost cutting and developing a long-term strategy that will put it back on the high road. At its core, GM still has too many models (56), too many North American assembly plants (29) and too many workers (220,000) to support its U.S. market share, which has declined from 35% in the early 1990s to 31.1% in 1997. A buoyant North American economy cushioned the pain of losing share—the company earned \$6.7 billion last year—but has masked the severity of the company's strategic woes. Last week a report issued in Detroit by

CARS THAT CAN KEEP GENERAL MOTORS COMPETITIVE

To maintain share, GM has to protect its position in critical niches with cars such as:

- **SATURN** A runaway sales and manufacturing success that has lately been slowed by lack of funding for new models
- **SUBURBAN** GM can't afford to fall behind in the race for family 4x4s, a growing category with lush profit margins
- **DEVILLE** The U.S. luxury market is expanding, but GM needs to keep up with Euro-style cars that boomers favor



WITH GM

and executives. It may need a major overhaul

Harbour & Associates, an automotive consulting group, showed that GM lagged behind its rivals Ford and Chrysler in productivity and profitability. For example, GM takes an estimated 5.46 worker-hours to stamp out such components as fenders, doors and hoods. Ford and Chrysler take 3.42 and 2.96, respectively.

In Flint, GM is trying to boost profit margins by outsourcing, a source of contention. But the company needs to make great leaps, not incremental steps. Analyst Stephen J. Girsky of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter estimates that to get into fighting shape, GM would have to close three assembly plants, eliminating as many as 34,500 blue-collar jobs. Try negotiating that. And the company needs to close about 2,300 dealerships out of 8,500.

Girsky thinks the company needs to junk 27 models to eliminate redundancy and stop competing with itself. Take the Chevrolet Camaro and Pontiac Firebird. In their heyday, the sporty siblings divided up a broad and profitable market of muscle-car enthusiasts. These days, though, muscle mania has waned, and the pair is left slugging it out in a narrowing segment. GM execs may want to keep at least one of the offerings to compete with the popular Ford Mustang, but they are faced with a dilemma: both cars are built in the same plant in Quebec, and killing one would threaten the other by making it prohibitively costly to produce.

GM has plenty more candidates for the boneyard. Who would miss, say, the

puny Chevy Metro, the unfashionable Buick Riviera or that boat on wheels the Cadillac Eldorado, outmoded cars that drain marketing resources. The Oldsmobile division, whose eroding customer base has put it on GM's hit list since the 1992 restructuring, still breathes.

Senior GM executives have been criticized for sidestepping hard choices, focusing instead on building the company's business in China and South America despite meager returns. Chairman Smith's disengaged leadership style of leaving most labor and marketing decisions to subordinates doesn't help either.

A few years ago in Flint, GM and the U.A.W. negotiated a deal they pretended was efficient: in exchange for labor peace, GM pays workers for a full day but allows them to leave early if they have finished their daily quota. GM and the U.A.W. also like to pretend that painful strikes are a necessary evil in building a world-class car company. But the pain of this strike will be mild by comparison if the company fails to resolve its deeper problems. —With reporting by Joseph R. Szczesny/Flint



TOO MANY BRANDS?

Analysts say GM has to junk models that are too small, too large or redundant:

- **METRO** Undersized, underpowered and under pressure from cheap Korean and Japanese rivals
- **CORVETTE** Yes, it's still a dream machine, but keeping the 'Vette current is a costly proposition relative to its sales
- **CAMARO** Muscle cars have given way to 4x4s. This Chevy competes with Pontiac's Firebird for youthful attention





THE FUN IS BACK

As McGwire and Griffey chase the home-run record, baseball regains its old luster. Will it last?

By JOEL STEIN

THE SUICIDE SQUEEZE IS COOL, AND THE DOUBLE steal is all right, but a guy who can smack the bejeezus out of a ball—that's the guy for us. Like most great things American, the home run deconstructs strategy with a beautiful act of aggression. So Mark McGwire, 250 lbs. of muscle in a game full of the fat and unfit, doesn't really shock when he sends the ball more than 500 ft. And Ken Griffey Jr., hat backwards, grin cocksure, seems almost bored as he gently taps homers over the fence. The crowd expects it, the crowd gets it, and the crowd goes home happy. We delight in the obvious. Give us a 6 ft. 5 in. guy named McGwire, and we're going to nickname him "Big Mac." Give us a guy named Ken Griffey Jr., and we'll call him "Junior." We are not a complicated people.

With Big Mac and Junior closing in on the 37-year-old home-run record, baseball has hit itself out of a jam. Just four years ago, baseball was on strike, without a

ROPEVE THE SLUGGER MAN
With his alien forearms bulging, Mark McGwire gets good wood on yet another unfortunate baseball

JOHN BIRCH

Average attendance this season is up **3.5%**

Cardinals' average paid attendance: **38,091**
Attendance when McGwire sat out a game: **31,183**

Most Homers in a Season

1. Roger Maris, STL 61 1961
2. Babe Ruth, NY 60 1927



IN PURSUIT

- Mark McGwire, STL 42
- Ken Griffey Jr., SEA 39
- Sammy Sosa, CHC 36

TOT.	GAMES	PROJ.
42	96	71
39	98	64
36	96	61

commissioner, canceling a World Series and generally running a brilliant anti-p.r. campaign for a sport that already was too long and too slow. "They've got to address their own house," says Fay Vincent, baseball's last real commissioner, who was fired in 1992 by owners who wanted more control. "They've got to market the game, move it back into the inner city, bring in blacks and Hispanics," he says. "All this is going to take 15 years. The past five years have been basically lost."

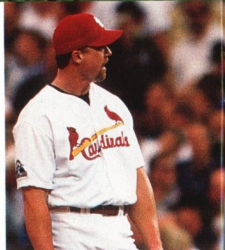
But despite all this ineptitude, baseball accidentally saved itself, with a mixture of talent and nostalgia. The geriatric sport has suddenly remembered how to tell its own story. ESPN ads feature not McGwire or the eminently marketable Griffey, but a Ty Cobb impersonator, who is oddly recognizable for a guy who hasn't played a game since 1928.

The old-school names are back because many of those cumbersome numbers that baseball fans love more than the game itself (whisper the statistics 755, 56 or 61 softly enough to their real fans, and eyes will glisten) are in danger of changing. Cal Ripken Jr. sets a new record for consecutive games every time he steps onto the field. Juan Gonzalez may beat the record for RBIs that Hack Wilson set in 1930. The Yankees

threaten to win more games this year than the 1906 Cubs, who won 116. Rookie pitcher Kerry Wood tied the record of 20 strikeouts in a game—and did it at age 20. The most famous mark in sports, Roger Maris' single-season home-run record of 61 in 1961 (Can you see why we weep?), is being attacked on three fronts: McGwire, who had 42 homers as of Saturday (only a bit more than halfway through the season), has been joined by Griffey (39) and some guy named Sammy Sosa (36).

Ball parks are selling so well—shooting for an overall attendance record, even discounting the two expansion clubs—that Bud Selig, Brewers owner and "acting" commissioner for nearly six ugly years, crawled back into daylight to crown himself "real" commissioner this month. "The fact that we were doing so well had something to do with it, definitely," he says. When all other business plans fail, find a guy you can compare to Babe Ruth.

McGwire, 34, is the only player in history to rack up 400 home runs in fewer than bats than Ruth. And the home runs are just as big—at well over 500 ft., several ought to count as a homer and a double. His blasts are cathartic in their destruction, and the damage is sanctified giddily: the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sign he cracked with a 545-ft. homer at Busch Stadium proudly wears a giant Band-Aid, and a replacement front-



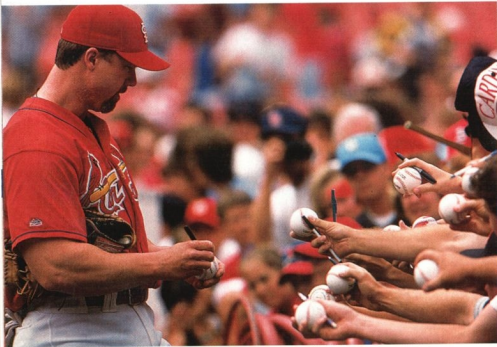
porch handrail outside Wrigley Field goes unpainted to commemorate a stadium-clearing batting practice shot.

Like Ruth, who got his nickname for being so much younger than his teammates, McGwire was a phenom. At eight years old, in his first Little League at bat, against a 12-year-old pitcher, he smacked one over the fence. And like Ruth, who was a dominating pitcher, McGwire was the best righthander on his sophomore U.S.C. team, allowing fewer runs than teammate Randy Johnson, who has since won a Cy

Young award.

Even more than Ruth, McGwire symbolizes stark simplicity. He is a redhead of the kind we haven't seen in centuries—not a pasty Thomas Jefferson or a cutesy Ron Howard, but a scary Redbeard. In his red Cardinal uniform, with red Oakley sunglasses and his bright red goatee, McGwire is more frightening than Carrot Top. McGwire, more than Ruth, strips the game bare. Cromagnon man didn't court the media or haggle over free-agent contracts, and neither does Big Mac. He comes to the plate to the tune of the Guns 'N' Roses war dance *Welcome to the Jungle*. After a home run, he jogs around the bases with his head down, and he takes a curtain call only when

NOT SO MADDING CROWD
McGwire's intimidating presence keeps both kids and adults quiet—but they still shove pens in his face



Walking the Sluggers

1. Babe Ruth, NYY	170	1923
2. Roger Maris, NYY	94	1961



IN PURSUIT	TOT.	GAMES	PROJ.
Mark McGwire, STL	100	96	169
Ken Griffey Jr., SEA	51	98	84
Sammy Sosa, CHC	38	96	64

Number of times Mark McGwire has been intentionally walked this season

22

Number of times Roger Maris was walked in 1961

0



the fans won't let up. He has spent almost his entire pro career working for tactician-manager Tony LaRussa (who makes decisions based on numbers crunched in his dugout Macintosh Powerbook), but McGwire doesn't need the coach's signs. His job is hit rock with stick. He is more elemental than even Ruth or Cobb. He is re-

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON BASE, JUNIOR?
Top vote getters Griffey and McGwire share a laugh during the All-Star game

fusing, for now, to sit down with most media, even charming, likable media who dressed really nicely to meet him last week. Not that it would really matter if he weren't a nice guy—Mike Tyson captivates—but McGwire happens to be Oprahfied in all the right ways. He missed the opportunity to hit 50 homers in his rookie season in order to be present at his son's birth. After a batting slump and a divorce from his first wife, who had been a college girlfriend, he started therapy, and he has stayed with it. His three-year, \$30 million contract stipulates that that his son Matthew, now 10, who is often the Cardinal bat boy, gets a seat on the team plane.

If you really want to find out what someone is like, you ask their exes. McGwire gets along so well with his ex-wife that he has her over for parties. He's still close with ex-girlfriend Ali Dickson, who helped him build his charitable foundation. Last year, at a press conference announcing he'd be giving \$1 million a year to child-abuse charities, he wept: he's got that gentle giant thing down. His vision is so bad (20/500) that his 1990 first baseman's Gold Glove award for defensive plays sits in the office of his optometrist. He cried during *Driving Miss Daisy*. You want to hug this guy. Or at least get your arms as far around him as they'll go.

While Ruth drank staggering amounts, slept around to rival Wilt Chamberlain and smoked his own Babe Ruth brand of cigars, McGwire drinks protein supplements, lifts weights and spends his free time with his son. And though he seems gruff to reporters, he's much looser with his teammates, beneath the surface, than the media-friendly Griffey. "I'll guarantee Griffey is no more popular with his teammates than Mark McGwire. Any comedian should put him in the audience. He laughs at anything," says the humorless LaRussa.

In fact, comedians do put him in the audience. Over the years, McGwire has befriended lots of stand-ups, because he loves going to comedy clubs.

BY POPULAR DEMAND Griffey wanted to skip the All-Star homer contest, but fans insisted he compete



THE UNBREAKABLE?

These 20th century records won't be up for grabs anytime soon:

Highest Season Batting Average

Rogers Hornsby, STL (1924) .424

CLOSEST PURSUER

Ivan Rodriguez, TEX .348

Consecutive Games with a Hit

Joe DiMaggio, NYY (1941) 56

CLOSEST PURSUER

Nomar Garciaparra, BOS 24

Consecutive Games Played

Cal Ripken, BAL (active) 2,576

CLOSEST PURSUER

Craig Biggio, HOU 477

Pitching Wins in a Season

Jack Chesbro, NYH (1904) 41

CLOSEST PURSUERS

David Cone, NYY 13

Greg Maddux, ATL 13

Career Home Runs

Hank Aaron, ATL 755

CLOSEST PURSUER

Mark McGwire, STL 429

Things you can now eat and drink in a major league ball park:
 sushi, crab cakes, wine, grilled ahi tuna, beef tenderloin, veggie burgers, barbecued-beef sandwich

Most RBIs in a Season

1. Hack Wilson, CHC	190	1930
2. Lou Gehrig, NYY	184	1931



IN PURSUIT

Juan Gonzalez, TEX	103	97	172
Mark McGwire, STL	93	96	157
Sammy Sosa, CHC	88	96	149

TOT. GAMES PROJ.

Juan Gonzalez, TEX	103	97	172
Mark McGwire, STL	93	96	157
Sammy Sosa, CHC	88	96	149

He brings a towel, which he bites during the show to mute his loud, high-pitched laugh.

Last weekend comedian Scott LaRose took him to a

gig at St. Louis' Funny Bone and set up a gag by ragging on McGwire while Big Mac crept onstage in back of him, glowering, huge arms crossed.

Part of the reason McGwire avoids the media glare on his individual home-run record is his commitment to the team, even a lousy, losing one like the Cardinals. "Down deep, he's proud of his record and enjoys it, but he doesn't really appreciate the attention," says LaRussa. "Players are raised in a team sport to do whatever it takes to win, and all of a sudden everyone is trying to get him to take four swings at a home run every day. That's not the way the game is played." The attention is so focused on McGwire that the game has been a background to his chase. Opposing fans give him standing ovations when he smacks one out against their team. Fans leave after his last at bat. The local hotels are stocked with fathers and sons who drive in from Arkansas and Wisconsin for weekend games. They are there less to enjoy baseball than to share a piece of history. And to see someone smack the bejeezus out of the ball.

Batting practice has become a sideshow. The third-base-side lower tier and right-field seats are packed two hours before each Cardinal game to roar as McGwire launches balls into the upper decks. And the show, more often than not, is legitimately more exciting than most major league games. He's been doing it since college, when he once broke the window of a BMW in the parking lot; he missed a car in Denver's Coors Field lot by inches this year. McGwire is the only man ever to get standing ovations during batting practice. Michael Jordan doesn't get this attention during pregame shoot-around. People even keep stats of his batting practice. It's like your co-workers crowding your office every morning at 8:45 to calculate how much coffee you drink and how fast you read the paper.

It's this pressure that McGwire is trying to avoid; at one point, he threatened to shut down the batting-practice show. The fanaticism is so intense, and even weird, that a fan wrote to the Cardinals asking for an old McGwire bat so he could use it as a wooden leg. Recently, when getting beer for his buddies, McGwire returned to his car to see people leaving their cars and slowly walking to him with pens outstretched. He described the scene to comedian Mark Pitta as *The*

Night of the Living Dead. So McGwire

wants to separate himself from the sideshow, to prevent himself from becoming Roger Maris. In 1961, unhappy that a relatively unimpressive player (Maris' second best year was 39 home runs, his career average was .260) threatened Ruth's place in history, some fans sent him death threats and regularly booed him, even at home games in Yankee Stadium. The stress got so bad, his graying crew cut started to fall out in chunks. He was 26. With the rationale that Maris' season was eight games longer than Ruth's, commissioner Ford Frick, a friend of the Babe's, put

“How isn't that going to capture your imagination more than anybody else out there??”

—TONY LARUSSA
 Cardinal manager, on McGwire's mammoth home runs

an asterisk by Maris' name, which was not removed until 1992, seven years after Maris died. Maris never accepted an invitation to Yankee Stadium, and he moved to Florida, where he sold beer and avoided baseball. He is not in the Hall of Fame.

The older fans, who always viewed Maris as a placeholder until the second Ruth, are rooting for McGwire to erase the imprint of the asterisk. The younger fans are pulling for him too. So the pressure is entirely different from what Maris faced. Still, even the positive pressure can be draining.

25 MARK MCGWIRE 1B

- AGE: 34
- HEIGHT: 6 ft. 5 in.
- WEIGHT: 250 lbs.

- 1998 LONGEST H.R.: 545 ft.
- 1997 TOTAL H.R.s: 58
- 1998 SALARY: \$8,333,333

1 WAITING FOR THE PITCH
 Bat up with semi-crouch posture that gives him a good view of the ball

2 STEPPING INTO IT
 A short stride allows him to stay in perfect control of his upper body, where he generates bat speed

3 SWINGING THE BAT
 A muscular, compact stroke with good arm extension and a slight uppercut that gives the ball lift. He explodes into the ball but looks the same whether he makes contact or not

BRAD HANCOCK—GOLDMAN; TOM SPATZ

Most Doubles in a Season

1. Earl Webb, BOS	67	1931
2. Joe Medwick, STL	64	1936



IN PURSUIT

	TOT.	GAMES	PROJ.
Brad Fullmer, MON	34	96	57
Larry Walker, COL	32	97	53

Things you can now do in a major league ball park: swim in a pool, watch instant replays from your seat's video screen, go to a museum, play interactive hitting and pitching games

Paul Molitor, who made a go at Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak, says, "I would go home after a game, and it was like an out-of-body experience. My face would be up there [on TV], and everyone would be talking about whether I was going to break DiMaggio's record. When you're away from the game, that's when you feel the effect."

But McGwire, who grew up educated and middle class and is tight with his family, has some built-in advantages over the less-educated Maris. He has the kind of even-tempered nature often found in those who work hard at their craft. "I've seen two or three other kids with the same kind of talent, but it was Mark who went all the way," says Tom Carroll, his coach at Damien, a Roman Catholic high school in

suburban Los Angeles. "He really wanted it. He has the work ethic." Even his dentist father, who also sired Dan McGwire, backup quarterback of the Seattle Seahawks, says that his son's baseball success surprises him: "We expected him to get an education and to take care of himself in that way." Though accused of using steroids, McGwire says he hasn't, that his log tossier's body is the result of intensive weight-room work. Rod Dedeaux, who coached McGwire at U.S.C. as well as on the Olympic team of 1984, says, "Mark has power of heart as well as power physically." Of the home-run record, he says, "If anyone can do it, it will be Mark."

Maybe. But you can't hit home runs if you're not pitched to, and managers—to an

extent not seen since 1923 when they finally devised a strategy to contain Babe Ruth—are walking McGwire on purpose. At 100 walks so far this year, he may break Ruth's record of 170 for a season. On several occasions McGwire has even been intentionally walked in the ninth inning, in a close game, with a man on first. "If you just make it a point to take the bat out of his hands the whole series, it won't be that sort of respecting the game," a clearly frustrated LaRussa says.

But it's not helping. Los Angeles Dodgers general manager Tommy Lasorda is amazed that "pitchers keep throwing Mark McGwire fastballs. If I were pitching, the only fastballs he'd see would be between innings when I was warming up." San Francisco Giants pitching coach Ron Perranoski says his strategy toward McGwire is simply to "pitch around him." He adds, "You have to be double-perfect when you pitch to him. There are a lot of people who are tough outs, but you make a mistake with McGwire and he hits it 1,000 miles."

Here is where Griffey, though he doesn't hit home runs as often or as big as McGwire, has a huge advantage. When Maris broke the record, he had Mickey Mantle batting behind him to discourage walks. All McGwire has for protection is the solid but injury-prone Brian Jordan. Griffey has a bodyguard unit bigger than Jerry Springer's: last year the Mariners set the record for home runs by a team. Plus, Griffey is a lefty, which helps him see the pitch when facing righthanded pitchers, who dominate the National League.

Thanks to the McGwire show, the incandescent Griffey, long the most popular player in baseball, has been subjected to somewhat less pressure from fans and the media. What pressure he gets, he seems to handle better, knowing how to bend. After it became known that he'd declined to take part in the home-run derby before the All-Star game (he was afraid it would mess with his swing), the fans booed him during batting practice. So he quickly signed on and won the thing, besting even Mark McGwire. Having decreed that he won't talk about hitting home runs for the rest of the season, before a game last week Griffey made like Mike Curry and treated a klatch of reporters to an hour-long display of amiable evasion and spin. Is it possible that Griffey, in some perverse way, actually enjoys this? "Are you kidding?" says teammate Jay Buhner, a close friend. "Look at him. Of course he enjoys it."

24 KEN GRIFFEY JR. CF

- 1998 LONGEST H.R.: 445 ft.
- 1997 TOTAL H.R.s: 56
- 1998 SALARY: \$7,978,767

- AGE: 28
- HEIGHT: 6 ft. 3 in.
- WEIGHT: 205 lbs.

3 SWINGING THE BAT

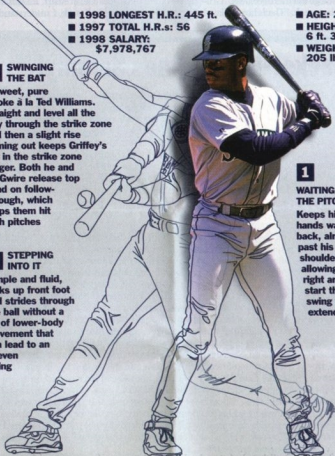
A sweet, pure stroke à la Ted Williams. Straight and level all the way through the strike zone and then a slight rise coming out keeps Griffey's bat in the strike zone longer. Both he and McGwire release top hand on follow-through, which helps them hit high pitches

2 STEPPING INTO IT

Simple and fluid, picks up front foot and strides through the ball without a lot of lower-body movement that can lead to an uneven swing

1 WAITING FOR THE PITCH

Keeps his hands way back, almost past his left shoulder, allowing his right arm to start the swing fully extended



TIME Graphic by Ed Gabel

Babe Ruth's endorsements in 1998 dollars: \$5.1 million, total
Ken Griffey Jr.'s endorsements this season: \$6.5 million
(estimate)

Television Viewership

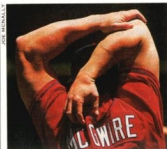
Baseball's national ratings were up 8% overall through June, according to Mediaweek

TEAMS WITH BIGGEST JUMPS IN RATINGS

Red Sox	40%	Mets	19%
Phillies	28%	Brewers	18%
Padres	22%	Braves	11%

Griffey has been in the spotlight since he was Little Kenny, when his father, outfielder Ken Griffey Sr., used the Cincinnati Reds locker room as a day-care center. Then, at 19, Junior joined the Mariners, where for two seasons he would play alongside his father in the outfield and behind him in the batting order, where they became the only father-son team to hit back-to-back homers. By then Junior had eclipsed his All-Star father, proving that if Oedipus had just played baseball, Freud wouldn't have had a career.

There's no shame in this for Senior, though, because Junior has since eclipsed everyone playing the game, McGwire included. At the age of 28, he has already hit more than 300 homers; only three players in history have done it at a younger age. During one stretch in 1993, he homered in eight consecutive games, tying the major league record. Last season, after hitting .304, leading the American League in runs



and RBIs, socking 56 home runs and winning an eighth straight Gold Glove, he was unanimously voted the league's most valuable player. "When you look at what Junior's done and the skills he possesses," says his manager, Lou Piniella, "you have to say that in this era he's as good as anyone who's played. I can't think of any player in the past 30 years to compare with Junior."

Better than his stats is his abandon, which belies the fact that superstardom is his birthright. "I still go out there reckless," Griffey told TIME last week. "That's how I play. I

“Mark has power of heart as well as power physically.”

—ROD DEDEAUX
 One of McGwire's college coaches

don't know any other way." Which is why so many legions, especially kids, love him: 4.2 million voted him onto the All-Star team this season; 1 million bought a candy bar named after him when it was introduced in 1989—despite the fact that it contained no nougat whatsoever.

His fans can be so overwhelming that at the end of Seattle home games, officials park his black Mercedes (license plate: SWING-MAN) just outside the Mariners' locker room for an Elvis-style getaway. As he gave an interview in front of his locker last week, Griffey affixed his signature to an endless flow of posters, caps and balls. Many were given to him by other players.

Only rarely does his grin crack. He takes the rare criticism directed at him by the press and fans a little too personally, but even then only because, at heart, he wants to be liked. "At the ball park, I understand

Hey, Guys, Watch Your Backs—Here Comes Sammy!

FOR MOST OF HIS CAREER, NOBODY THOUGHT OF SAMMY SOSA as a legend chaser. The amiable but erratic Chicago Cubs outfielder was better known for throwing to the wrong bases and stealing at impractical times. Same thing at bat: flailing wildly, the power hitter seemed to go for the fences with every swing. Result: last year he struck out more than anyone in the National League.

But that was last year. Fast on the heels of Mark McGwire and Ken Griffey Jr., Sosa is the dark-horse candidate to shatter the single-season record for home runs. Thanks to a spectacular—some might say freaky—June in which he popped 20 home runs, a major league record, the Dominican native showed that he is finally harnessing his impulsiveness. As of Saturday, he had racked up 36 homers, just six behind leader McGwire. Sosa's batting record of .319 this season is a full .57 points higher than his career average.

Chalk it up to maturity. At 29, in his 10th major league season, the unusually lean slugger has learned that discipline at the plate can be just as valuable as brute strength. His raw skills were never in question (he has belted 36 or more dingers in each of the past three years), but his judgment needed seasoning. "A few years ago, I was trying to do too much," he says. "I'd go to the home plate with no idea and swing at everything."

He got a late start, not playing organized ball until he was 14. As a child in the Dominican Republic, he was occupied selling oranges for 10¢ apiece and shining shoes for 25¢ to help support his widowed mother, four brothers and two sisters in their two-room flat. When former Texas Ranger scout Omar Minaya spotted Sosa playing ball as a 16-year-old in 1985, Minaya recalls that the 150-lb., 5-ft. 10-in. kid, dressed in a borrowed uniform, looked both athletically promising and malnourished. Last year Sosa signed a four-year contract for \$42.5 million. Beneficiaries of his generous spirit abound. His mother now resides in the

third house he has bought for her, and he has purchased 250 computers for poor schools back home.

But perhaps the greatest testament of Sosa's worth is the fact that he has provided Bulls-obsessed Chicagoans—at least for the moment—with a distraction from their nervous preoccupation with the future of Michael Jordan and the rest of the world champion hoopers. "The fans around here are crazy about Sosa," says Ron Stampley, manager of the Cubby Bear, a popular sports bar near Wrigley Field. "They cheer for him as loudly as they cheer for Jordan." Indeed, Sosa's slugging streak, along with wunderkind pitcher Kerry Wood's arm and first baseman Mark Grace's hot bat, is helping to make the long-happless Cubs into contenders for the first time in a decade. Having played well over .500 ball all season, by last Saturday the team was just 5 games out of first place in the central division.

In fact, Sosa's performance—and the team's—have jelled precisely at the time the slugger quit acting as if he were trying to carry the Cubs by himself. He immersed himself in videos of other hitters in the off season and has tuned in fully to the advice of Cub coaches. "I always thought this guy could really put up some gigantic numbers if we could get him to swing at better pitches and get him to be more patient," said batting coach Jeff Pentland. Sosa agrees: "I don't want to go to the home plate with the idea that I need to hit a home run. I just want to relax and use all the field. When I do that, I know I can hit a home run at any moment." But when asked last week to assess his own chances of surpassing 61 homers for the record, the Cubbie, however, showed that his newfound maturity as a player does not always translate to humility off the field. "Why not 70?" he retorted. "You never know what can happen in this game." —By Wendy Cole.

Reported by Julie Grace, with the Cubs

Average Salaries

1998 \$1.4 million
1994 \$1.3 million

In 1998 dollars, player pay is nearly the same as prestrike

1998 Top Salaries

The highest-paid players, as of opening day

Gary Sheffield, LA \$10 million
Albert Belle, CH \$10 million
Greg Maddux, ATL \$9.6 million
Barry Bonds, SF \$8.9 million

In what may be good news for rookies, the Cardinals signed J.D. Drew to the largest contract ever for a drafted player. Over four years, it's worth at least \$7 million

there are certain obligations," he says. "I just want people to treat me as a human being. When I leave the ball park and go home, I'm just Ken." And some topics are still off limits, no matter who the questioner. Before a game last week, seven-year-old Michael Foster spent an hour with Griffey through the Make-a-Wish Foundation, tossing a ball around and touring the clubhouse. But at one point, when Foster mustered the courage to ask, "Are you going to break the record?" Griffey responded with a shrug. Clearly, his no comments need some work.

Work he understands: Griffey outpractices everyone on his team. "He's the first one here every day," says Mariners' backup catcher John Marzano. "And the better he's hitting,

“Griffey's a great outfielder, he throws, he can steal bases, he hits for average, he hits for power.”

—JIM RIGGLEMAN
Chicago Cubs manager



the harder he works." Griffey brushes off such praise. "I've broken both my hands in the last three years—I don't have a choice but to take extra hitting," he says. "A lot of people forget that." Still, he is too proud and aware of his abilities not to believe he can accomplish more. Last year, for instance, a mild slump in June and July cost him a chance at breaking Maris' record. "Most people don't know July was when my mother-in-law died," he says, sighing. "I have a three-year-old son, and I had to tell him he was never going to see his

grandmother again.

It was tough. No one begrudges Griffey that explanation. But it suggests he believes that but for a death in the family—he would have beaten Maris.

Griffey professes modesty, and is admired by teammates for his selflessness, but he also has the swagger that seems required of men who would do what no one else can. "I just go out there and do what I'm supposed to do," he says. "If we need a home run to tie it up late, I've got to do it." Want proof? Before an at bat against Texas last week he revealed to a teammate that he was about to hit one out. He took two pitches and then sent the ball into the second deck. But there's also steel behind that swagger: even when he fractured his wrist in 1995 after crashing into the centerfield wall on a dead run, he managed to make the catch.

And if somehow he doesn't get the next thing he's going for—well, he says, his life is still pretty good. His father still lets him call



COMING OF AGE: Self-discipline is helping Sonsa reach for the fence

Memorabilia prices: a Joe DiMaggio game uniform worn in 1950: \$150,000. Mickey Mantle signed, game-used bat: \$20,000. Babe Ruth mint single-signature baseball: \$10,000.

Most Wins in a Season

Chicago Cubs	116	1906
Cleveland Indians	111	1954

IN PURSUIT* TOT. PROJ.
 N.Y. Yankees 68 121
 Tied '02 Pirates for the best 87-game start this century (66-21)



All-Star Derek Jeter is batting .315, and he dated Mariah Carey

collect. Junior has a son and daughter of his own, and the family spends off-season in Windermere, Fla., near his friend Tiger Woods. When you're hanging with your All-Star Café partners, who notices another record?

Even if it is McGwire who, as most people (including Griffey and Sosa) suspect, will set the record this year, it won't last 37 years, as Maris' did, or even 34, as Ruth's. Griffey is young, and the record is

most likely to be his someday. He has one of the most perfect swings in baseball history: a long, smooth, straight, upper-body cut that makes McGwire's short, compact, hip-driven swing look like a shot put. Griffey's swing is the learned, refined movement of someone who grew up in major league dugouts. "Junior's never lifted a weight that I can remember," his father says. His power, instead, is generated in his blinding bat speed, which Senior estimates to be as high as 110 m.p.h.

While Griffey has the potential to hit 62 (he hit 56 last year), the fans haven't been pulling for him in the home-run race the way

they have for McGwire. Which is odd, since Griffey is more popular. Even this year he got more All-Star votes from fans than McGwire. He's a better all-around player, more affable, more telegenic, more starlike, younger, hipper and more street than McGwire (though even Dan Quayle is more street than McGwire). Three of McGwire's black teammates refused to comment as to whether the attention to McGwire over Griffey is racial. "I think you can answer that question yourself," was as close as Ray Lankford was going to come. "I don't think it has anything to do with black-white, and it irritates the hell out of me when I hear it," says

As Close to Perfect a Team as This Yankee Hater Has Seen

By DANIEL OKRENT

ALL MY LIFE I'VE HATED THEM. GROWING UP IN AN AMERICAN League city in the 1950s, it was impossible not to hate the Yankees, unless you were an egregious front runner. The Detroit kids I knew who liked the Yankees were the same kids who wore preknotted ties to school, had perfect parts in their hair and were really good at making dioramas. They liked General Motors too and, for all I know, the IRS.

And now I'm one of them. To make matters worse, this superb, balanced, record-setting, stunningly appealing team is not only wearing the loathed pinstripes, it's wearing pinstripes supplied by George Steinbrenner, for heaven's sake. Somehow this man—this bully, this human plague—has got far enough out of the way to allow the assembly of as close to perfect a baseball team as anyone under 70 has ever seen.

The great Baltimore manager Earl Weaver used to say his most important decisions occurred at the end of spring training when he had to pick his 23rd, 24th and 25th players. He knew it was the fit of disparate parts that made a collection of talents into a smoothly functional team. Stars were nice, but balance won ball games.

Ergo the 1998 Yankees. The wonder of this team was on display two weeks ago at the All-Star game. Not one Yankee had been sufficiently dominant to have been voted by the fans to the eight slots they get to fill on the starting team.

The other 22 slots were filled by the American League manager: this year Cleveland's Jim Hargrove. He had to choose at least one player from each of the league's 15 teams. Yet he managed to select five Yankees—no mean mathematical feat.

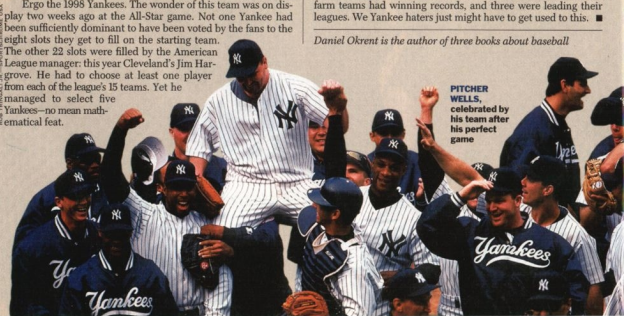
When a team isn't dependent on stars, it develops an immunity against injury. Centerfielder Bernie Williams, shortstop Derek Jeter and relief pitcher Mariano Rivera, the team's three best and most reliable players, have all spent time on the disabled list this season. But like members of some impassioned guerrilla army, as each man has fallen, another has risen in his place. It is to this functionality of parts that one must attribute their astonishing record of 68-23 through their first 91 games, for a winning percentage of .747. That pace, if sustained, would put them in reach of the winningest team ever: the 1906 Cubs, who finished 116-36 for a percentage of .763.

I'm happy to say Steinbrenner deserves almost no credit for such ruthless (and Mantle-less) efficiency. This team is the brainchild of now departed general manager Bob Watson and has been gracefully deployed by its manager, the modest Joe Torre. It's been assembled from a veritable spare-parts bin of players: Hideki Irabu from Japan, Cuban émigré Orlando Hernandez, a few from trades and the free-agent rolls. Perhaps most remarkable is the provenance of Jeter, Williams and starting pitcher Andy Pettitte: Each came from the once suspect Yankees farm system.

Speaking of which: through last week five of the Yankees' six farm teams had winning records, and three were leading their leagues. We Yankee haters just might have to get used to this. ■

Daniel Okrent is the author of three books about baseball

PITCHER WELLS, celebrated by his team after his perfect game



Chicago's Kerry Wood: The Next Rocket?

On May 6, the 20-year-old Cubs pitcher struck out 20 Houston Astros, tying the record of Roger Clemens



Most Cy Youngs

The annual award for best pitchers

Greg Maddux, ATL	4
Steve Carlton, STL	4
Four pitchers tied at	3

LaRussa. Maybe the real reason the fans dig Big Mac is because he's built like a home-run hitter of old. In fact, old home-run hitters didn't look as much like McGwire as they should have. McGwire is who we imagine Babe Ruth to be; he's like a cartoon of Ruth in which he tightens his belt until his paunch rises into bulging pecs.

Even more than his World Wrestling Federation looks, the reason McGwire gets the crowds is because his home runs are so incomprehensibly long, while Griffey's are really just perfectly hit line drives. "McGwire hardly ever hits a home run that's under 400 ft. How isn't that going to capture your imagination more than anybody else out there?" asks LaRussa. Explains Cubs manager Jim Riggleman: "The American public loves to see power. If the ball scrapes the wall on the way down, they aren't that excited. If it goes 500 ft., they're doing flips. You know, we love the dunk in basketball. Guys can score 25 points a game, but if somebody slam dunks over somebody, that's what gets people fired up."

There have been plenty of home runs to fire people up. But don't think you're seeing the epic resurgence of baseball. What you're seeing is an amazing confluence of talent that is not likely to be duplicated. Commissioner Selig can't afford just to collect his nickel from this freak show and wait for the next one. He and the other custodians of the game need to speed up play, lower ticket prices, market to women and minorities and get inner-city kids playing the game. More than anything, baseball should learn from the record chase that it needs to peddle nostalgia. That includes the real nostalgia—Jackie Robinson breaking the color barrier, Lou Gehrig's farewell speech, the first appearance of the San Diego Chicken—but more important, the fake stuff. Because baseball, after all, is built on a yearning for a false past. It's a game created for industrial-age cities to remind them of the easy life of the farm. So build more beautiful retro parks based on some Disney idea of what an old park should have looked like. Give us more reckless acrobats like Ken Griffey Jr., more courteous musclemen like Mark McGwire. Let us bask in the never-was.

—With reporting

by Dan Cray/Los Angeles, Maureen Harrington/Denver, Staci D. Kramer/St. Louis and Romesh Ratnesar/Seattle

Gentle Tamer of the Brutes

IF YOU THINK BASEBALL IS BORING, YOU'LL HATE THE GAMES GREG MADDUX pitches. At a time when hitters like Ken Griffey Jr. are thrilling teen fans bloated by a media diet of MTV and asteroid explosions, watching Maddux throw for the Atlanta Braves is like flipping to PBS. His fastball isn't fast (nearly 90 m.p.h. on his best day, vs. around 100 for a Nolan Ryan). His curveball barely curves. He has never pitched a no-hitter. All he does is win games. How? He finds a batter's weak spot and throws right at it nearly every time, which is why he will probably win an unprecedented fifth Cy Young pitching award this year. Still, the folks in Major League Baseball's promotion department must dread him. He doesn't even look like an athlete. His 175 lbs. are a little doughy, and when he's not on the mound in contact lenses, the guy wears nerdy glasses.

It's the baseball connoisseurs who worship him. Listen to this encomium by Serious Baseball Person and Washington Post writer Thomas Boswell: "Mark McGwire, Griffey and the rest are fabulous, but there have been others like them throughout history. It's possible, and becoming more probable with each amazing season of legerdemain, that there has never really been anybody like Greg Maddux." Indeed, Boswell said Maddux may be "the most remarkable and historically important player in baseball." Ever? Yes, ever.

Boswell has a case. Consider the stats: On average, the opposing team gets about two earned runs a game on Maddux—2.03, to be exact, since 1992, which is the lowest mark over such a long period in the postwar era. In 1994 his earned-run average was just 1.56. So far this year, it's 1.57. Sandy Koufax never had such a good year. Nor did Nolan Ryan. In fact, only two pitchers in modern baseball have: Bob Gibson (1.12 in 1968) and Dwight Gooden (1.53 in 1985).

So what makes Maddux so good, and why haven't you heard as much about him as about the sluggers? The two questions are related. Off the field, Maddux doesn't cavort with celebrities or even do endorsements. "I could be more Hollywood," he told TIME before a game last week, "but that ain't me." His family, golf and Nintendo are more his.

He's similarly unshowy on the mound. Maddux doesn't get tons of strikeouts (not even 200 in a year; the record is 383). He doesn't pitch a lot of shutouts. In other words, he doesn't starve batters—he just serves them table scraps, stuff they can't really smack. Lots of his pitches dribble into the infield. Almost none fly out of the park (only five this year and none in his five face-offs against McGwire). Jim Palmer, a Hall of Fame pitcher, calls Maddux "a master at late movement," a baseballer's way of saying his pitches dance away at the end, eluding the bat when it's already flying forward. He conveys to throw, from the same unhurried motion, at a wide variety of speeds. Wade Boggs once called Maddux "the David Copperfield of pitchers"—and he was thinking magic, not Dickens.

NOT THE FASTEST pitches, just the best: "Professor" Maddux

In an unscientific survey at a Braves game last week, TIME asked about a dozen teenage boys—baseball's bread and butter now as always—whom they liked better, Maddux or McGwire. McGwire won hands down (and the Maddux kids were, well, the dorks). Maddux himself loves home runs. "They, they make it exciting for me too," he says. He wants none of Boswell's superlatives. "I've given up thousands of hits, lost hundreds of games. I know how to fail." Would that we could all fail so well.

—By John Cloud



Richard Ben Cramer

The America That Ruth Built

MARK MCGWIRE AND KEN GRIFFEY JR.—ARE THEY READY to hit? I don't mean ready to meet the fastball with the fat of the bat. We know they can do that. I mean, are they ready to hit and land their feet as American icons? Can they live forever in the records of the game—and survive this year? Can they bulldoze into the Hall of Fame and worm their way into our hearts? What price will they pay for their place in our small pantheon of power heroes?

We marginalized and embittered Hank Aaron—put him in statistics books, used him for a million video clips, but still can't quite forgive his breaking Babe Ruth's record for career home runs. Roger Maris? We killed him. First we made him bald and drove him out of New York, then out of baseball. And soon he was gone. They called it cancer, but we know it was the asterisk.

Griffey and McGwire are moving up to a brutal league. If they are too much jostled, pressed or in pain, they will surely fall short of glory. But if they're seen to care too much for themselves... well, Ty Cobb is in the Hall but not in our hearts. There are no selfish American heroes.

McGwire and Griffey will be asked about hitting until the subject is like chalk in their mouth; each will be asked about his childhood and diet, race relations and Monica Lewinsky. To hit 62, each man will have to want it so much that he can wall it all away. Yet if he seems to wall us out, we'll fix him with a mortal disdain that will outlast any record he can set. Even so, Griffey and McGwire could make it to the record and beyond, to that Elysian realm where a man seems to stand for something good about the nation and the age. They could achieve that titanic Ruthian grace because of who they are, and who we are, right now.

We Americans love power. It's about how we see ourselves. It's how we're good when we're very good—with overwhelming force. Our great cars aren't about engineering elegance. No, we start with a 490-cu.-in. V-8. In combat, from the Civil War to Desert Storm, we bring to bear massive, ineluctable power. If that approach can't be done (Vietnam comes to mind), that's not a good American war.

That was the glad nerve Ruth palpated. When he showed up with his superfluity of power, the apparently effortless capacity to render moot all the niggling fine points of the contest, the game was instantly changed. The bunt, the stolen base, the Baltimore chop were back-burnered for decades. Ruth's brash Yankees

went to the 1923 World Series against the New York Giants, the classiest tacticians of their day. The series went to six games, but the Babe poled three into the right-field seats, and the Yankee dynasty had begun. Heywood Broun spoke for millions of delighted fans when he crowed, "The Ruth is mighty, and shall prevail."

Ruth found a match between his enormous appetites and the national agenda. America had made the world safe for democracy. We were rich. We were strong. In the '20s we were ready to play, with truly American force. While the market soared, we knew God loved America and sent us the Babe to prove it.

Maybe that explains why none of the great sluggers since has been able to attain the titanic grace—unalloyed by sadness and while he still had time to enjoy it. At the bottom of the Depres-

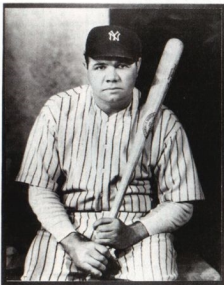
sion, Lou Gehrig got there, but had to be wheeled in on his deathbed. Ted Williams, Depression slugger and war hero, wasn't fully enrolled until he retired. Joe DiMaggio made it into our hearts only at the grave of his beloved Marilyn. Mays: another retirement entry. Mantle: another deathbed.

More numerous are the power men who shone in unjoyful ages and in the half-light of provincial parks. Hack Wilson hit 58, but in 1930 Chicago wasn't ready to party. Ralph Kiner flattened balls, but did so in Pittsburgh, which is the Big City only if you're in Cincinnati... where Frank Robinson was huge, before he went to (equally frowzy) Baltimore. You get the idea: it's an uncommon man at an odd moment who can play in the league we're speaking of.

Which is why these guys just might hit. The stars may be lining up just right. McGwire brings to the task a bulky precision that is riveting. He hits moon shots. Griffey has a more modern cool of the stylish synchro-mesh variety that Michael Jordan brought to hoops. It's about Griffey's joyful acceptance of his personal power.

Maybe America is ready to love these sluggers as it loved the Babe. Now, as then, we are strong; we are rich. But even if there are harder decades ahead, maybe we'll look back on this as one of those moments when we were good—good enough to have American heroes, power heroes. We'll tell our children's children, "I saw it with my own eyes when he smashed that ball outta the park, *into the street!*" That was when God loved America and its game—and sent Big Mac and Junior to prove it. ■

Cramer, a Pulitzer prizewinner, is writing a book on DiMaggio.



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BLOWING HOT

Even as El Niño helps spawn record heat waves in its final

perature, La Niñas do not. The reason can be traced to the physics that links the atmosphere to the ocean. What allows El Niño to affect weather worldwide is the intrusion of unusually warm water into the eastern Pacific. As this happens, storms (which feed off warm water) inevitably move eastward. But once the eastern Pacific cools, storm formation in this region shuts down. At that point, any further cooling triggered by La Niña can have only a small effect.

The distinction between La Niña and so-called normal conditions is not at all obvious. El Niño, for example, is truly an aberration. It makes dry places wet, wet places dry, warm places cold and cold places warm. By contrast, La Niña appears to exaggerate conditions that are more or less normal. Thus, under La Niña's sway, the Indonesian archipelago, which is usually wet, should expect to receive substantially more rain than it got last year. But in the absence of La Niña, Indonesia would still receive a lot of rain. Similarly, Canada and Alaska, which tend to be cold in winter anyway, might well be colder under La Niña conditions. During the 1995-96 La Niña, for example, Winnipeg suffered daytime temperatures of -4°F or less for more than a week, and overnight lows fell to -22°F or below for 19 days running.

In the U.S., the big question is what's going to happen in the coming hurricane season. The westerly wind patterns that El Niño fosters tend to shear off the tops of developing Atlantic Ocean hurricanes. Last year, for example, when El Niño was firmly in control, the Atlantic hurricane season was over almost before it began. La Niña, by contrast, partners with wind patterns that favor the formation of Atlantic Ocean hurricanes. The problem is that forecasters at the moment are looking at a mixed picture. While sea-surface temperatures in parts of the tropical Pacific have dropped precipitately, there are still substantial patches of warmth hanging around South America's Pacific coast. Once this warmth dissipates, tropical

DRY EARTH: J. ALAN; WINDS: GUYON; ICEBERG: BERT ESTER; THE EARTH: KAMRAT

EL NIÑO December 1997

- Fewer Atlantic Ocean hurricanes
- Warmer winters in Canada and much of northern U.S.
- Wetter winters in southeastern and southwestern U.S.
- Wildfires in Borneo rain forest
- Smaller harvests in northeastern Brazil
- Greater chance of drought in Indonesia and Australia

By J. MADELEINE NASH BOULDER

WHEN SCIENTISTS FIRST spotted it last fall, it was just a wedge of chilly water, parked at a depth of 70 fathoms in the western Pacific and extending from Papua New Guinea to the international date-line. As they tracked it over the next few months, following its development through a vast network of buoys tethered to the sea floor, it slowly expanded up and east, toward South America. Now, like a spume-blowing whale, it has broken through to the surface, forcing temperatures across a 5,000-mile strip of ocean to drop more than 15°F in just four weeks.

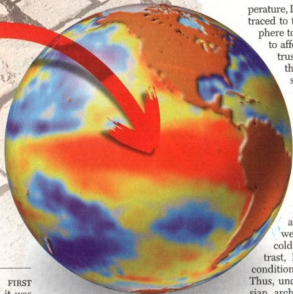
This was the sign meteorologists had been waiting for. Not only does the sharp fall in ocean temperatures signal the breakup of the giant pool of warm water in the tropical Pacific that triggered one of the century's greatest El Niños, but it may also signal the birth of El Niño's unruly twin sister, the climatological reversal that scientists call La Niña ("the girl").

For Americans suffering through one of the worst heat waves of the century, a break in the weather can't come too soon. El Niño is at least partly responsible for the scorching drought and record tempera-

tures that have been blamed for 50 deaths across the U.S., 30 of them in Texas, which has hit triple digits every day for two weeks. With El Niño's help, a high-pressure zone has been anchored over the South for several months, robbing places like Texas and Florida of the thunderstorms and cooling rains that usually bring relief at this time of year.

Trouble is, La Niña is likely to bring her own set of weather problems. Last week scientists meeting in Boulder, Colo., at a La Niña summit sponsored by the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) sketched out a lengthy list: more Atlantic Ocean hurricanes. Colder winters across Canada. Wetter winters in the Pacific Northwest. Warmer, drier winters in the Southern U.S. More wildfires in Florida. Lower wheat yields in Argentina. Torrential rains in Southeast Asia.

Broadly speaking, La Niña is the flip side of El Niño. But as the scientists at last week's workshop agreed, it is not just a mirror image. For one thing, La Niñas in general are never quite as cold as El Niños are warm. Also, while El Niños grow in strength with each degree of change in ocean tem-



T AND COLD

days, its unruly sister—La Niña—is brewing in the Pacific

storms will be able to march across the Atlantic unopposed.

The prognosis? Right now, a fading El Niño and a burgeoning La Niña appear to be locked in a struggle for dominance. As Kevin Trenberth, an NCAR climatologist, put it last week, "It's a war out there." But even if La Niña wins the battle, as many scientists now expect, she'll have a hard time overshadowing her more famous brother. In June, owing in part to El Niño and in part to some longer-term warming trends, global mean temperatures reached an all-time high. The first six months of 1998 have already entered the record books as the warmest in the past 100 years. ■

GREAT POOLS of warm (red) and cold (blue) water are clearly visible in these snapshots of ocean temperatures taken last December, far left, and earlier this month. The pools of water, stretching thousands of square miles, affect weather by shifting rainfall patterns in the tropical Pacific and nudging high-altitude jet streams off course

How much surface water temperatures differ from normal (°C)



LA NIÑA

July 1998

- More Atlantic Ocean hurricanes
- Colder winters in Canada
- Wetter winters in the Pacific Northwest
- Warmer, dryer winters in southeastern and southwestern U.S.
- Lower wheat yields in Argentina
- Torrential rains in Southeast Asia

Source: Tim Scheffelin—NCAR



THE GANG'S ALL HERE: Parents take part in an infant-massage course in Miami

saged preemies are discharged to their parents an average of six days earlier, shaving \$10,000 off their hospital tab. With 400,000 premature babies born in the U.S. every year, the potential cost savings are apparent. And eight months after birth, Field says, massaged preemies have superior motor skills and mental development.

For much of this century, the prevailing thought was that pre-term babies should not be touched, since the slightest shock could prove fatal. Ever so slowly, the medical establishment has been warming to the idea that massage helps sickly babies. Yet only a handful of hospital nurseries in the U.S. offer massage to these tiniest of patients. Hospital administrators remain skeptical of claims about its therapeutic value, and since most HMOs don't cover baby massage, there's little incentive to start pilot programs. Besides, harried nurses can barely handle the steady stream of critically ill infants with special needs, much less find time to give three-daily rubdowns.

But thousands of parents of healthy babies aren't waiting for the medical establishment to jump on the bandwagon. For today's upwardly mobile parents, baby massage is becoming what Lamaze was to the previous generation. Classes that teach parents Swedish and Indian massage techniques to use on babies are springing up around the U.S., often with long waiting lists. Inner-city teen mothers are learning baby massage in special pilot programs to build parenting skills.

Tejiero and his wife Neyda, 33, attended a five-session infant-massage course at South Miami Hospital. Each parent in the group started out by looking into the baby's eyes and asking "Is it O.K. for Mommy and Daddy to massage you?"

The babies couldn't respond, but their cues were unmistakable. Crying, flailing arms, hiccupping and clenched fists meant thanks but no thanks. Others flopped on their stomachs like old pros and were reluctant to leave when the session ended.

The tender, loving touch of a parent has long been recognized as a primal need. But today, with horrific tales of child abuse in the news, some adults are becoming increasingly uncomfortable about touching youngsters. "We've become such a litigious society," Field says. "Children are touch deprived." Infant massage may not be the cure-all for that. But it's a start.

Touch Early and Often

Increasing numbers of parents and doctors decide that massage is good medicine for babies

By TAMMERLIN DRUMMOND MIAMI

Huddled in a Plexiglas incubator, 3½-lb. Andreah Moran is, at nine days, so fragile that she looks as if her twig-thin arms and legs would snap from one false move. But gingerly navigating the tangle of blue electrodes attached to the infant's chest, John Dieter, a researcher at the University of Miami's Touch Research Institute, firmly massages those arms and legs and rubs Andreah's back and her tiny head. The baby sighs, parts her withered lips and begins a slow drool.

Infant massage? It sounds more like a New Age ritual than an internationally recognized alternative therapy. But studies at the Touch Research Institute have found that preemies massaged three times a day for as few as five days consistently fare better than equally frail babies who don't get massages. Full-term infants and older babies also benefit from them. The International Association of Infant Massage, which held its annual conference last month in Orlando, Fla., estimates that 10,000 parents took infant-massage training last year. New converts say it helps their babies sleep better, relieves colic and helps hyperactive children relax.

All of which can be a godsend for anxious new parents. "We've got results already," says Luis Tejiero, a 38-year-old Miami resident who began massaging his 11-week-old daughter Alissa in June. "Before, her fist was always clenched so tight she was like a little boxer." Now when Alissa wakes up crying in the middle of the night, he massages her. Within minutes, she falls back to sleep.

Dr. Tiffany Field, a Miami child psychologist who founded the Touch Research Institute six years ago with a \$250,000 grant from Johnson & Johnson, says massage stimulates the vagus nerves, which then trigger processes that aid digestion, among other things. As a result of their speedy weight gain, Field says, mas-



A preemie gets the magic touch

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- SLEEP BETTER
- GAIN WEIGHT FASTER

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ON THE BEACH: The brutal, heroic horror of D-day is just the starting point for *Saving Private Ryan*; this long, graphic scene is perhaps the greatest combat sequence ever filmed



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C I N E M A

REEL WAR

Steven Spielberg peers at the face of battle as Hollywood never has before

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

FIRST, THERE'S THE FLAG. IT SNAPS BRAVELY ENOUGH IN THE breeze blowing in off the sea. But there's something just slightly off about the image. Old Glory looks, well, old in this backlit image—thin, faded, antique, like the unambiguous emotions it used to stir in an age less given to irony and selfishness than our own. Steven Spielberg, in his new film, *Saving Private Ryan*, wants us to think about that, about how "the deep pride we once felt in our flag" has given way "to cynicism about our colors."

Then there's the memory of those distant days, now preserved by faltering old men. One such, accompanied by his anxious wife and middle-aged children, shuffles up the shady walk edging the military cemetery that stands where the guns once looked down on Omaha Beach, where American troops began the bloody business of liberating Europe in World War II. He makes his way through ranks of crosses, their fearful symmetry broken here and there by a Star of David. Finding the grave he seeks, he falls to his knees sobbing, overwhelmed by that flood of memories it is Spielberg's business to reimagine, then to incise on the minds of a generation dismayingly heedless of history.

Now comes the chaos that challenges patriotic fervor as well as the mind's capacity to comprehend horror—the D-day landing on Omaha: seasick soldiers slaughtered the minute the ramps on their landing boats are lowered; other men clambering over the sides trying to avoid the fire, only to drown under the weight of their packs; the surf turning red with the blood of the slaughtered; some who make it to the narrow beach huddling immobilized yet pathetically vulnerable behind what little cover they can find. A few inch forward, hoping perhaps that being a moving target is safer than being a stationary one.



It makes no difference. Whether you live or die here is entirely a matter of chance, not survival tactics. Spielberg's handheld cameras thrust us into this maelstrom, and his superb editing creates from these bits and pieces a mosaic of terror. We see as the soldiers see, from belly level, in flashes and fragments, none more vivid than the shot, rendered almost casually, of a soldier staggering along, carrying his severed arm—the struggle against mortality encapsulated in what amounts to a sidelong glance.

It is quite possibly the greatest combat sequence ever made, in part because it is so fanatically detailed, in part because the action is so compressed—all that panic in such a tight spot—in part because the horror is so long sustained, for more than 20 relentless minutes. "I wanted the audience in the arena, not sitting off to one side," says Spielberg. "I didn't want to make something it was easy to look away from."

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about this passage is that it is not what it would be in a more typical war epic, a virtuoso end in itself. For Spielberg it is something to build on, not build toward, and that says much about his confidence as a filmmaker and the stubborn, instructive earnestness with which he approached *Saving Private Ryan*. To him, this carnage—his vision of which has moved strong men to run from the screening room and caused the Motion Picture Association of America to give the film an unusual (for the director of *E.T.* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) R rating—is merely context, one of the premises on which the delicately nuanced "morality play" that preoccupies the remainder of his film's nearly three-hour running time rests.

For throughout the battle on the beach (filmed in Ireland using some 3,000 performers), Spielberg and screenwriter Robert Rodat had been introducing us to members of a small Ranger unit commanded by Tom Hanks' Captain Miller, in effect bonding us with them as



"I wanted the audience in the arena ... I didn't want to make something it was easy to look away from."

—STEVEN SPIELBERG



they pass through this inner circle of hell, feeling their fear, enduring their losses, sharing their weary triumph when they destroy the enemy pillbox that commands their sector. They—we—have done enough. Time now to rest, regroup.

But no, that's not to be. Private Ryan, one of the paratroopers dropped behind the lines on the eve of the invasion, is missing, and no less a figure than General George C. Marshall, the Army's Chief of Staff, has ordered his rescue. For Ryan is the last survivor of four brothers sent to war from an Iowa farm family. The memory of the five Sullivan brothers, killed together when their ship went down, is fresh in Marshall's mind. He will do anything to avoid a repetition of that tragedy. Or rather, he will ask others to do anything to avoid it.

Therein lies the moral dilemma posed to Miller and his squad. They are being asked to risk their life for a young man no better than they are, no different, really. Yes, they understand, there's an element of compassion in their mission. But there's an element of news management as well: the upper levels of government don't want to burden the home front with another shocking story of loss. "I asked myself throughout, Is this a mission of mercy or a mission of murder?" says Spielberg. "But I can't answer that question. I don't think anyone can."

What one can say is that *Saving Private Ryan* is a brilliant commentary on a certain kind of war movie—those depicting a small unit with a job to do. They form something like a tradition, one with roots snaking back to silent-picture days but

FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT

Spielberg draws on a long tradition of Hollywood war films, especially those that focus on a close-knit unit with a job to do



All Quiet on the Western Front, 1930
Lewis Milestone's pacifistic classic about World War I retains its tragic power despite crude early-sound-era technology



The Story of G.I. Joe, 1945
Mute gallantry is director William Wellman's theme; weariness is Robert Mitchum's, in a great role



They Were Expendable, 1945
The men of a PT-boat squadron face decimation in John Ford's classic paean to dutifulness

C I N E M A



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BONDING: Spielberg with Hanks; platoon members Ed Burns, Giovanni Ribisi, Adam Goldberg, Tom Sizemore, Barry Pepper

cried out for their mothers when they were struck down. He also cites a more obscure influence: Sydney Pollack's *Castle Keep*, for the way it blended black humor with brutality in a combat film.

It is an emotional nexus to which Spielberg constantly reverts. There's the discovery of the crashed glider that has fallen from the skies, killing all aboard, because it was specially armored to protect a general's ass. There's the sequence in which a French father hands his little daughter over to the Americans for safekeeping. Immediately the soldier trying to protect her is killed. And when the child is hastily handed back to her father, she begins slapping him hysterically for his seeming abandonment of her.

There's finally Private Ryan (Matt Damon). Found at last, he refuses to be rescued. Like all infantrymen in Spielberg's view, he fights not for grand abstractions but for his buddies, the survival of the unit. In the film's final, heartbreaking passage at arms, where the losses are anything but acceptable, he fights beside his would-be saviors.

Here Spielberg, the creator of *Schindler's List*, the film that more than any other justifies the justness of World War II, asks us to examine the war's morality in a different light. He is saying now that the lives that were given up in this conflict were every bit as valuable as the lives saved by those sacrifices. "Earn this," Captain Miller grunts to Private Ryan in that final fire fight. Was he worth the price other men paid for him? We do not know. And that flag is impervious to the question. What we may hope is that *Saving Private Ryan* will be perceived for what it is—a war film that, entirely aware of its genre's conventions, transcends them as it transcends the simplistic moralities that inform its predecessors, to take the high, morally haunting ground. ■

flourishing with particular energy during and just after World War II. You know the drill: gripping guys of disparate backgrounds do their duty—holding a vital position, taking a crucial hill—in the process bonding and absorbing acceptable losses.

Those elements are present in Spielberg's film. The eight questing men here include a rebel (Edward Burns), an omniscient sergeant (Tom Sizemore) and, most important, Upham, an intellectual clerk-typist (Jeremy Davies), who learns more about himself than he will ever be able to confess in the book he wants to write. "He was me in the movie," says Spielberg. "That's how I would have been in war."

If Upham represents the heroic realities of war, Hanks' character will remind viewers with long memories of figures like Robert Mitchum's stoic platoon

leader in William Wellman's *The Story of G.I. Joe* or of the men of the PT-boat squadron grimly enduring decimation in the greatest of all paens to American dutifulness, John Ford's *They Were Expendable*. Hanks is surely our age's Everyman, as compelling as any star of the classic era and for the same reason: the reserve beneath his openness, hinting at unspoken competencies that make us, like the troops he commands, willing to follow.

In this case it is into a surreal landscape where death and absurdity come at you with equal fury and suddenness. Spielberg says it was another Wellman film, the "watershed" *Battleground*, that inspired the harsh reality with which he presents combat. It was, so far as he recalls, the first movie in which men



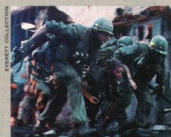
Battleground, 1949
Spielberg cites this tribute to the stubborn bravery of ordinary guys as an influence



The Longest Day, 1962
D-day staged by old Hollywood; the several directorial hands and many star cameo make for an unaffacting epic



Platoon, 1986
Oliver Stone immerses us in the moral confusions and the bloody horrors of Vietnam



Full Metal Jacket, 1987
Young soldiers learn to love war in Stanley Kubrick's perverse, powerful, underrated study of the killer instinct

Bruce Handy

Blam! Kapow! Eat Your Peas!

Who says family values and numbing, mindless violence don't go together?

PICTURE THIS SCENE FROM A RECENT HIT MOVIE. IT'S night. A car idles at a railroad crossing, waiting for the train. Inside the car are a man and a woman. She's pregnant. She asks the man to feel her stomach—her baby is kicking. It's the kind of dewy moment that wouldn't be out of place in a financial-services commercial, or maybe one for tires.

But wait. *Bam!* The couple's car is rammed from behind by some bad guys in a van. They're trying to push the couple's car onto the tracks. *Ding, ding, ding!* The train is coming! *Screech!* The good guy accelerates, and the bad guys' van ends up on the tracks instead. *Wham! Kapow! Impressive fireball!* Fortunately, one of the bad guys is still alive and has time to look up and react—*Wuh-oh!*—just before the van is hit by a second train on parallel tracks, a deft directorial callback to an earlier scene in the same movie when another bad guy had time to look up and react just before being run over by a truck.

Crunch!

Mindless, sadistic violence juxtaposed with rote sentimentality: this is how Hollywood has finally solved the family-values conundrum, the question of how to entertain the blood- and sex-starved masses and be morally proactive at the same time. Well, dig this: Explosions are cool, and so are intact families! That's the message promulgated by *Lethal Weapon 4*, in which the above-mentioned scene takes place. As Mel Gibson's character comes to terms with impending fatherhood and Danny Glover's with impending grandfatherhood, the film wends its curious way, alternating crashes and neck breakings with scenes of limp domestic comedy—scenes that wouldn't be out of place on *Home Improvement*, except that Tim Allen never says lines like "This f___ing guy! What the f___!"

Lethal Weapon 4 is only the starkest example of a trend that has seen virtually every action movie released this summer freighted with a subplot about the importance of family. This has had the unprecedented effect of elevating teary-eyed hugs to the same level of cinematic importance as blowing up the Chrysler Building. The emotional climax of *Deep Impact*, for instance, occurs when Tea Leoni's reporter character embraces her estranged dad as they stand on a windswept Atlantic beach. (Father and daughter then find real closure when they, the Chrysler Building and the rest of

the Eastern seaboard are smacked by a mile-high tidal wave.) *Armageddon*, the summer's other film in the Earth-threatened-by-space-debris genre, ends with Bruce Willis telling young-stud Ben Affleck to "take good care of my little girl" and then, during a stressful moment involving a nuclear weapon, having a vision of his little girl (Liv Tyler) in her wedding dress. The message here is: Explosions are cool, and so are sappy dads who normally hide their mushy sides behind tough-guy dialogue like "Let's chew this iron bitch up!"

Even old rogues like Zorro and Godzilla have been reinvented as family men this summer, the former with a long-lost daughter, the latter with a brood of babyzillas left

unattended in Madison Square Garden. *Lost in Space*, which was released last spring, was already about a family back when it was a crummy TV show. As a crummy movie, it turns itself into a cautionary tale about bad parenting, complete with an *It's a Wonderful Life*-like parallel universe in which we see what becomes of latchkey kids on other planets (nothing good).

It's quite possible that this new emphasis on family ties is less an expression of the Zeitgeist—Teen pregnancy down! Marriage up! The Clintons still together!—than it is of marketing concerns. The producers of *Lethal*

Weapon 4 may well feel that the female audience, which has been getting increased attention ever since it made *Titanic* the highest-grossing film ever, will be lured by the sight of Rene Russo nine months pregnant and still able to whip-kick evil Chinese triad members (she carries extremely well).

But with the exception of Russo, mothers are mostly absent from these films—deserting their families, getting killed or, in *Godzilla*'s case, being eliminated altogether thanks to the miracle of asexual reproduction. This should come as no surprise: the entertainment industry has a long tradition of giving mothers short shrift, what with television's statistically unsupported fascination with single dads, dating back to the '50s, and more recent movie comedies like *Hook*, *Jingle All the Way* and *Liar, Liar*, in which neglectful, work-obsessed fathers get in touch with their inner daddies while the camera looks on with the kind of swoony rapture that used to be reserved for sick pets and the kids themselves. Women needn't despair, however. The director Gus Van Sant is currently remaking *Psycho*, so there's hope for moms yet. ■





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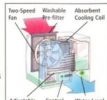
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Dazzling Decalogue

Krzysztof Kieslowski's 10-part masterpiece finally comes to the U.S. Thou shalt not miss it

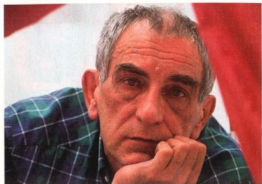
By RICHARD CORLISS

YOU CAN SEE SOME MOVIES ON 5,000 screens, and they look just like all the other behemoths clogging your local 'plex. But every once in a while a unique film work appears on one screen as a lonely reminder of what cinema can summon in intelligence, scope and power. That would be *Decalogue*, the 10-part cycle of short films that Krzysztof Kieslowski made for Polish TV in 1988-89. Long withheld from U.S. distribution, the series will be shown this week at Manhattan's Walter Reade Theater. A cinephile's fondest hope is that the series will soon travel to other venues or be released on videocassette. And not a moment too soon, for *Decalogue* may be the great film achievement of the past decade.

Kieslowski, who died two years ago at 54 after heart-bypass surgery, was perhaps Europe's most revered director. Several of his pictures—*The Double Life of Veronique*, *Blue and Red*—were swank fables of anomie in which seductive color schemes enveloped gorgeous actresses like a Chanel shroud. The films nearly turned despair into a fashion statement.

Decalogue is different; stuff happens. This series—with each 53- to 58-minute episode dramatizing one of the Ten Commandments through the lives of the residents of a Warsaw apartment house—revels in the convolutions of melodrama. There are two brutal killings, a few attempted suicides, even a car chase. A perfect child dies. Another child is told, *Chinatown*-style, that her sister is really her mother. At times *Decalogue* plays like a Polish *Melrose Place*.

That proves only



ICONOCLAST An atheist director examines moral laws in a postmoral age

ing colleague, Krzysztof Piesiewicz, knew that drama begins with the human face; it is a sponge for the viewer's emotional complicity. So the camera takes closeup mug shots of faces in love or anxiety. Or it crouches furtively, behind a tree, in a closet like a fretful nephew or an avid voyeur. It watches ordinary people (including some of the most beautiful actresses in Europe) tangling with moral demons, holding on to what they were taught to believe or—this being real life in Poland just after martial law—what they have learned to settle for.

that Kieslowski was also an entertainer. The ambiguity and poignancy of each sketch show that he was always an artist. In *Decalogue, One (Thou Shalt Have No Other God but Me)*, a math professor lives with his bright, loving 11-year-old son—a small boy who asks big questions about God and death. The father believes that everything can be measured, even the density of ice on the local pond. It will take a catastrophe to teach him that his logic has holes. But the episode's true poetry is in scenes of the boy's love for his father and aunt. God, we see, is in a child's easy embrace.

Over and over, the comfortable affection at the beginning of an episode is tested and twisted by fate. In *Decalogue, Four (Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother)*, Anka, a pretty young actress who flirtatiously dotes on her father, finds a letter from her mother, who died just after the girl's birth. This man is not her father! The physical closeness the man and girl shared, natural when paternal, is now replayed in Anka's mind as an erotic mating dance. Did he feel that way too? she asks him in a love scene of wondrous and creepy intimacy. And is Anka, finally, a canner actress than we knew?

Kieslowski and his gifted screenwrit-

Neither Kieslowski nor Piesiewicz was a practicing Catholic. They were interested in examining the relevance of old laws in a Catholic country in a postmoral age. *Decalogue, Five*, which was made into a longer piece called *A Short Film About Killing*, shows two brutal, useless murders. In the first a drifter, for no special reason, strangles a taxi driver; the scene lasts seven excruciating minutes. In the second the killer is hanged by the state; that execution takes only a moment, but it is no less ugly or vindictive. The state, like individuals, has few reasons, many excuses. Kieslowski absolves no one.

Yet he understands all. In the best of the films, *Decalogue, Six (Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery)*—also released as the feature-length *A Short Film About Love*—a young man spies through a telescope on the sexually active stunner across the way. When she learns of his rank love, she is furious; to teach him a lesson she forces upon him the banquet of her sexual favors. Contact shames him; he runs home and slashes his wrists.

Visiting his home, she peers through the telescope and sees an eerie vision: herself, as the adoring boy saw her. The image overwhelms her.

It has the same impact on a viewer, for this film is Kieslowski's confession of the awful power in watching people—which is exactly what movies are. Now audiences have the precious opportunity to watch a great filmmaker watching us. ■



COMMANDMENTS OF LOVE A perfect child and his aunt in *Decalogue, One*; ex-lovers on Christmas Eve in *Three*; a wife suspected of infidelity in *Nine*



Whistle a Happy Tune

His new musical has had its share of troubles, but there's life in Andrew Lloyd Webber yet

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER WAS CHATting over lunch a couple of weeks ago in an Italian restaurant near his home on London's tony Eaton Square. The place "used to be hot in the '60s," noted Lloyd Webber (who writes a food column for the *Daily Telegraph*); "the food isn't very good." He picked the restaurant, though, because it's just a block away from the first of two theater openings he had to attend that day: a school production of *Oliver!*, featuring his two young sons, Alistair and Billy, in the chorus.

Only later would Lloyd Webber scoot across town to the opening most of London was buzzing about—of *Whistle Down the Wind*, his much-troubled musical that had an abortive tryout 1½ years ago in Washington. Since then, Lloyd Webber has overseen a major revamp of the show: brought in a new director, helped rewrite the book and added half a dozen new songs. "To be frank," he says of the old version, "the work had not been done to get it into theatrical shape."

Whether it's in theatrical shape now is a critical question, not only for the fading king of the British musical (who just turned 50 and hasn't had a big hit since *Phantom of the Opera* more than 10 years ago) but also for the British musical in general. Though Brit-produced extravaganzas from *Cats* to *Miss Saigon* have

dominated the world's musical stages for nearly two decades, now it's the Americans who have reclaimed the lead. The West End is filled with U.S. imports like *Rent* and *Chicago* (and *Ragtime* and *The Lion King* haven't even applied for passports yet). The one new British hit of the season is a stage version of that very American pop artifact from the '70s, *Saturday Night Fever*. The show, adapted by Nan Knighton and directed by Arlene Phillips, reprises the familiar story of the Brooklyn kid who makes it big on the disco floor, adding a dose of Vegas-like pizzazz and high-octane choreography. Even the old BeeGees songs sound good when sung below falsetto range (*How Deep Is Your Love* as a lovers' duet? You bet). All in all, it's a shameless crowd pleaser but easily watchable.

Lloyd Webber always aimed for more than that, though critics weary of his incredible success have long dismissed him as a hopeless pop sellout. *Whistle Down the Wind* drew predictably mixed reviews, and its future looks cloudy. Yet it marks a step in the right direction for Lloyd Webber. The story, based on the

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
SUPERSTAR: Lovett as the stranger, with the children who want to rule the world

1961 British film about three children who discover an escaped convict in their barn and mistake him for Jesus Christ, has a welcome modesty and warmth, a far cry from the chilly Gothic pretensions of *Phantom* and *Sunset Boulevard*. The setting has been shifted from northern England to 1950s Louisiana, which allows the mostly British cast—particularly the children—to offer up some of the weirdest Southern accents ever heard on stage. Yet the clash of Bible Belt bigotry and Elvis-era rebellion provides a credible framework for the parable about an outcast's redemption, and *Whistle Down the Wind* is more emotionally accessible and musically alive than anything Lloyd Webber has done in a long while.

Director Gale Edwards, an Australian who staged a first-rate London revival of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in 1996, has put together a smooth, unshowy production, which combines functionality (a slab of concrete rises and lowers to create a two-tiered set) and lovely images (two teenagers riding a motorcycle in the mist against a deep-blue, storybook night sky). If the musical fails to capture the film's gentle ironies, it adds some intriguing sexual tension between the stranger (a charismatic Marcus Lovett) and the chief child (Lottie Mayor, several years older than Hayley Mills in the film).

But Lloyd Webber's most inspired choice is his new lyricist, Jim Steinman, the veteran rock composer (*Bat Out of Hell*; *Total Eclipse of the Heart*), whose fevered, hyperbolic lyrics have unlocked Lloyd Webber's long-dormant rock tendencies. To be sure, *Whistle* has its share of elevator-music ballads (though you

can pipe *No Matter What* into my elevator anytime), and the upbeat kids' number *When Children Rule the World* is easy to make fun of (yet still darn catchy). But the Steinmanesque angst in songs like *A Kiss Is a Terrible Thing to Waste*, or the yearning, over-the-top lyrics like "If all that died again would grow... / These are the loneliest words I know," have inspired fresh passion and urgency (and a good beat) in Lloyd Webber's music. Forget that falling chandelier; Steinman has brought Lloyd Webber back to the land of the living. ■



MUSIC MAN: Looking for his first big hit since *Phantom*

The Snarl and the Ache

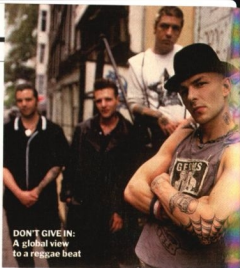
In a strong new album, the punk band Rancid bares the romanticism beneath the rage

THE BEST PUNK ALBUMS, THE ONES that stay with you, the ones that matter, share a secret. Take Rancid's strong new album, *Life Won't Wait*. Rancid is a band that, in its songs, inhabits a tough, gritty world of drinking, joblessness, back-alley drug deals and disillusioned immigrants; a world where corporations crush workers, governments lie to their citizens, and punk rock offers one of the few paths toward salvation. The songs on the California-based band's new album have names like *Bloodclot*, *Black Lung* and *Cash*, *Culture & Violence*; the guitar work is raw and roaring; and the quartet's two singer-guitarists, scraggly-voiced Tim Armstrong and bellowing Lars Frederiksen, both tend to slur and snarl their way through songs.

Rancid, like the Clash before it, often looks toward the Caribbean for rhythmic

inspiration; on this album the group wisely enlisted the help of Jamaican reggae star Buju Banton, who contributes guest vocals on the anthemic title track, *Life Won't Wait*. In the past Rancid's songs have dealt with issues of class and race in America; this album seems to have more of a global viewpoint, with lyrics that touch on Bosnia, Iran-*contra* and other foreign affairs. The real message, however, is in the insurgent energy of the music, the hammering drums, the fierce guitars: Resist, question, don't sell out, don't give in.

But here's the secret: the best punk bands are, underneath everything, closet romantics. They're in love with the loveless, the outcasts, the unredeemed; they have aching hearts, but from the perspective of a true punk, it seems false and foolish to sing openly of love in such a sullied world. So tender emotions are

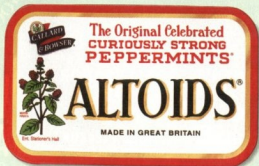


DON'T GIVE IN:
A global view
to a reggae beat

hidden, which makes their hearts ache all the more. The Clash's album *London Calling* contained one of rock's best love songs, *Train in Vain*, but it was hidden away, buried as an unlisted track. On this album the song *Corazon de Oro* gives us a brief glimpse into singer Armstrong's heart. "What have I become/ Now that I'm alone?" he croons, his voice shattered and whispery. After an album of rage and hurt and politics, he's earned the right to be heartsick. —By Christopher John Farley

PHOTO: JEFFREY MAYER

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Michael Krantz

Your Own Network

Sun's Jini system will soon help all your gadgets work together. Here's how to get started

FOR DECADES NOW, TECHNOLOGISTS HAVE CONJURED futuristic visions of the "smart home," whose every appliance leaps to attention at your command: finding and dialing the number you request, diagnosing that ping in your car, displaying the recipe you choose, deciding which ingredients you're missing and ordering them for instant delivery from the grocer. What's more, each machine would borrow the computing power it needs on a moment-to-moment basis by accessing a wider network via wireless

signal, without the annoyance of the endless peripherals yoked to today's desktop PCs.

That vision, called "distributed" or "ubiquitous" computing, is suddenly getting very real. Last week brought notice of Sun Microsystems' new software platform, called Jini, which brings the era of distributed computing from sometime in the hazy future to about Christmas 1999. That's how long it will take for Sun to release details of the Jini software (due within months) to its electronics partners (there are 30 already) so they can then build the first Jini-compatible products, from cell phones to PC peripherals.

So why do we need to discuss this now? Because the gadgets you place under this year's Christmas tree will be the ones you plug into Jini networks (or someone's networks; Microsoft, big surprise, is apparently developing a competing platform) come the millennium. If those gadgets aren't functional in a "distributed" world, you'll have to shell out again for ones that are.

How to avoid that sorry fate? You'll want to weigh two crucial questions. One: Is the gadget digital? In short order, virtually all data will be rendered in computer language to move fluently through the Net's electronic sprawl. Analog phones and plain-film cameras will be about as worthwhile tomorrow as Betamax movies are in our VHS world today. To be sure, you'll still pay extra to go digital: ordinary Canon cameras, with their quaint loadable film, run



Two Questions ...

... to ask about any new electronic product:

■ **Is It Digital?** Analog gadgets will be iffy as the world goes online.

■ **Is It Networkable?** Insist on a port that links you to the Web and local networks.

from \$200 bargains on up the price scale, while the digital Canon SureShot costs \$699 at New York City's 47th Street Photo. This gap is even wider for video-cameras: \$599 to \$799 for Canon's GS series, vs. a sweat-inducing \$2,300 for the Optura digital model.

Is it really worth paying that much for a machine that will plug into the digital future? Maybe so, if it also passes Question Two: Can it be networked—can it communicate with the Web and smaller networks? A number of digital cameras already come with input/output ports like FireWire, which links with your PC and printer for easy editing, printing and making. Ditto for cell phones: Nokia and Ericsson already sell digital models with networking capabilities, and others will soon follow.

Occasionally, conservatism is the best bet. As the first digital TVs roll out next year, for instance, their four-figure price tags will entice only cost-be-damned hobbyists. The rest of us will buy analog sets with built-in digital converters and wait for steep markdowns on those high-definition beauties. The network revolution is coming, though, and quickly. Think twice before choosing the wrong side.

Michael Krantz is a TIME staff writer. Our regular columnist, Josh Quittner, returns in two weeks. Read more about Jini and distributed networks at time.com/personal

Sony Misses the Mark

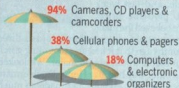
SONY CONSISTENTLY CHURNS OUT artfully designed high-tech gear. But sometimes even the king of the audio-video world messes up. Take its new Watchman Color TV (\$109, due out next month). It's lightweight, looks great, and comes with a clever neckstrap that doubles as an antenna. But painfully poor reception and a tiny 2.2-in. screen make it a better paperweight than TV.



Sand, Sea and Cell Phone?

SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW HOW to relax. A study by the Duracell battery company finds that vacationers are packing much more than suntan lotion and the latest Tom Clancy novel. Nearly 40% are bringing a cell phone or pager along, and 18% can't leave home without their notebook PC or personal organizer.

Percent who take these devices on vacation



Source: DURACELL Co. (USA) Jan/Feb

The Proof Is in the Print

FINGERPRINT RECOGNITION HAS long been used in high-security places like FBI headquarters, but only now is it finding a place in the mainstream. In August, Compaq will offer a fingerprint-recognition system to its corporate customers. Its \$99 Fingerprint Identification Technology requires users to place a fingertip on a miniature scanner attached to their monitor. Once the image has been verified with a master print on file, users can access the company network without having to remember an ever-changing password.

—By Anita Hamilton





James J. Cramer

Avoid My Mistake

At the first whiff of "accounting problems," sell the stock—don't wait, as I did with Cendant

WE HAVE A RULE AT THE HEDGE FUND THAT I RUN: sell a stock at the first whiff of accounting irregularities. This rule has kept us from losing fortunes,

including those we had made in Oxford Health, Sunbeam and Waste Management, to name three recent situations where the stench of overcooked books, and a dramatic decline in stock price, followed closely behind that early whiff. When a stock gets hit because of a product glitch, or a short-term execution problem, I will consider holding

on, or even buying more.

But when a company gets caught mistating its financial performance, I try to be interested at no price—and so should you. You simply can't tell if the whole enterprise is worthless.

My hedge fund recently violated that rule, and last week we paid the price. We believed the man-

agement of Cendant when it told us three months ago that it had an accounting glitch but that it would not be major. We looked the other way because Henry F. Silverman, president of Cendant, had made so much money for us in the past. We even bought more when the stock got clocked from \$36 to \$18 in one day.

We weren't alone. Cendant, the result of last year's merger of HFS, a franchise company whose brands included Howard Johnson and Avis, and CUC, a kind of discount-shopping club, dazzled many a portfolio manager. After downplaying its accounting "irregularities" last April, the company last week revealed that the CUC side of the business had actually fabricated nearly \$300 million in revenues over three years. The stock, which had rebounded to \$25, quickly retreated to the high teens. It has since gone lower. And why shouldn't it? Most of the "earnings" that had jacked up the stock were simply fraudulent, as Silverman now admits (while denying any blame).

To add insult to injury, the day before last Wednesday's new negative prognosis, a couple of giant institutions apparently somehow got the word ahead of the rest of us and bailed out at much higher prices.



costly impulse in these situations.

Oddly, my partner and I had just done the right thing a few weeks before, dumping Sunbeam when it first declined to talk about its sales numbers. We feared there might be a secret warehouse somewhere stuffed with unsold barbecue grills. Good worry; the stock now sits 40 points lower, and the board has pulled the plug on Chainsaw Al Dunlop. Why? A massive overstatement of sales and earnings.

Despite the huge, multiyear nature of the fraud at Cendant, there were no criminal investigations through week's end. A number of class-action suits have been filed, but I doubt we will see much after the lawyers take their cuts. Looks as though the only winners here were the two top executives, who together sold more than \$100 million worth of stock before we even smelled that first hint of trouble. The losers: those of us who believed that someone who once misled us wouldn't do it again. ■

Jim writes for thestreet.com website. He maintains some of his long position in Cendant. Nothing in this column should be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.

Funds Shift to Neutral

WITH THE MARKET HITTING CHOPPY water, some mutual funds are trying a balancing act. Firms like Barr Rosenberg and Euclid Advisers have launched market-neutral funds, which bet equal amounts of a portfolio on stocks to rise and fall. The funds are touted as a low-risk investment, but the high fees and taxes—and relatively low returns—extract a high price for security.



Family Secrets at Work

CORPORATE AMERICA IS STARTING TO help employees balance work and family, but don't expect the boss to tell you. A new study by the Families and Work Institute found that although two-thirds of employers permit flex-time job

arrangements, nearly 40% don't bother to inform workers of the work/family assistance programs available. Then again, only 10% provide on-site child care, so can you blame them for keeping their mouth shut?



Investing is Child's Play

WHO NEEDS CNBC WHEN THERE ARE Saturday-morning cartoons? Starting this week, Junior can prep for a life on Wall Street with Disney's *Money Rock* (\$14.95), a new Schoolhouse Rock video that teaches the basics of playing the market and paying the taxman. Wacky characters sing toe-tapping financial tips, which will air Saturdays on ABC. Kids can learn their 401(k)s and IRAs on the Web at

younginvestor.com and kidsbank.com. —By Daniel Eisenberg



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Christine Gorman

Get a Thyroid Test

That's the new advice, from a respected group of doctors, for women 50 and older. Here's why

IF YOU'RE LIKE MOST PEOPLE, YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN your thyroid a second thought. Shaped like a bow tie and wrapped around the windpipe at the base of the throat, the thyroid helps regulate your body's metabolism much as a thermostat controls the temperature in your house. But if you're female and 50 or older—or love someone who is—you need to consider whether the old thermostat is still working. Last week the American College of Physicians, a conservative arbiter of treatment standards, recommended a blood test for thyroid disorders at least once every five years for all women in this age group.

The advice comes as something of a reversal for the A.C.P. Back in 1990, it argued that routine screening was unnecessary because doctors could pick up most thyroid disorders on their own. Since then, however, studies have shown that among women who are middle-aged and older, 1 in 71 suffers from a thyroid disorder that is severe enough to cause problems but has never been diagnosed. (Men also develop thyroid disease as they age, but at a much lower rate.) Why do doctors miss so many cases? Turns out that many symptoms associated with thyroid disorders mimic the signs of aging.

Which disorders and what symptoms? Generally the thyroid causes problems in two different ways. The more common disorder, hypothyroidism, occurs when the gland fails to produce enough thyroid hormone. The body's metabolism slows down, and the patient complains of not having any energy and feeling mentally sluggish.

By contrast, if the thyroid works too hard, a condition called hyperthyroidism, it can rev your body up to the point that your hands tremble. You have trouble falling asleep, and your heart quivers in a dangerous pattern called atrial fibrillation. In an extreme case, your eyes will bulge.

Fortunately, there is a fairly simple blood test, called a TSH test, that helps doctors determine whether you have a thyroid



Telltale Symptoms

- **Overactive thyroid:** Extreme nervousness, trembling hands, rapid heartbeat, weight loss, bulging eyes, trouble sleeping, intolerance of heat
- **Underactive thyroid:** Fatigue, dry skin, mental sluggishness, constant sleepiness, weight gain, intolerance of cold

As helpful as the new guidelines will be for detecting clear-cut cases of thyroid disease, there is one controversy women should be aware of. Screening will pick up lots of borderline cases. As many as 10% of older women may have slightly abnormal blood tests but appear to be otherwise healthy. Sometimes their hormone levels will return to normal after a few months. So far, there hasn't been a research study large enough to determine whether they should be taking drugs as well. Until there is, most doctors will be understandably reluctant to treat a woman whose only symptom is an oddball number on a blood test. ■

Learn more about thyroid disorders at time.com/personal and read about the new guidelines at www.acponline.org

Good News on Asthma

MANY PEOPLE WITH MILD ASTHMA suffer attacks while exercising, or worse, avoid exercise altogether for fear of their symptoms. This week studies showed that two prescription drugs—montelukast, a pill, and salmeterol, an inhalant—can be used effectively on a daily basis to prevent exercise-induced wheezing.



Bad News on Depression

NEARLY 40 YEARS OF DATA ON 1,190 men have shown that those with depression are about twice as likely to develop heart disease, including fatal heart attacks—even when adjusting for factors like smoking and cholesterol. Researchers can't explain the connection, but advise those with depression to take other heart risks more seriously.



Good News on a Bad Drug

FOR MOST AMERICANS THALIDOMIDE is synonymous with tragic birth defects. But last week the FDA made headlines by approving the drug—for leprosy victims. Research suggests that thalidomide may later be helpful in treating other conditions, including tumors and AIDS-related illnesses, but these uses remain unapproved. The drug is still extremely dangerous for pregnancies, and patients will be carefully monitored.

Bad News on Diabetes

ADULTS WITH TYPE 1 DIABETES HAVE always had an increased risk of heart disease. But those who gain a lot of weight during intensive insulin therapy face even greater risks. Their cholesterol and blood pressure rise more steeply than those of diabetics whose weight is more stable.—By Dara Horn

Sources: New England Journal of Medicine; Archives of Internal Medicine; FDA; JAMA.





824 words on the X-Games.

(And only two of them were "dude.")

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CBS AFFILIATE GOES POSTAL OVER LETTERMAN

Sometimes even small guys like to flex their muscles. Nick Evans, owner of Spartan Communications, a CBS affiliate, was miffed when some advertiser-friends of his had trouble getting into the *Late Show* with **DAVID LETTERMAN**. Seats were found for them eventually but apparently not

fast enough. Evans yanked the show off the air for a week on the six stations he runs because of "the arrogance of the Letterman organization and the weak ratings," he says. Viewers were treated instead to infomercials, reruns of *Married... with Children* and *Judge Judy*. Perhaps that's why a local lawyer filed an informal complaint against Evans with the FCC.

Kinsley Is King For a Day

Tina Brown, queen bee of buzz, couldn't have scripted better the kerfuffle over who would replace her as editor of the *New Yorker*. Just before the warmly received announcement that the job was going to **DAVID REMNICK**, a smart, youngish *New Yorker* staff writer with a low profile, came a furious e-mail from Michael Kinsley, a smart, older editor with a high profile. He had been wooed for the job by the magazine's rich-enough-to-change-his-mind owner S.I. Newhouse, and had accepted, but perhaps not eagerly enough. "[Newhouse] was clearly annoyed that I didn't slobber a bit more," says Kinsley. "But I slobbered plenty. I'm not pure." Before Kinsley told his bosses at *Microsoft* that he was leaving *Slate*, his online magazine, Newhouse changed his mind. Kinsley sent an account of his adventure to his influential friends, which was duly published in high-circulation newspapers. "If you're not going to burn your bridges after this," says Kinsley, "when are you?"

Attoboy, Ataturk



It's the fight over Cyprus all over again, starring **ANTONIO BANDERAS** this time. The *Mask of Zorro* star, apparently responding to pressure from Greek Americans, has pulled out of a movie about the life of **MUSTAFA KEMAL ATATURK**, founder of modern Turkey. At least that's the story being told by Tarquin Olivier, a financier and the son of actor Laurence Olivier. Though this is his initial venture in film production, he'd enlisted Bruce Beresford as director and, according to the *New York Times*, had managed to get a lot of the financing on the strength of Banderas' participation. The star's press rep says he's committed to another film. A friendly warning to Banderas: Ataturk fans won't go quietly. *TIME* was deluged last year with millions of missives supporting him as one of the statesmen of the century. Watch that mailbox, Antonio.

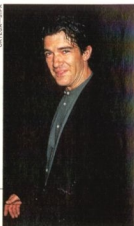
And Soon They'll Be Able to Vote!

Celebrity weddings have become a hot media commodity these days. Photo rights are hagglled over by magazines; impressive sums of money are paid to the couple's charity of choice in return for access. But **MACAULEY CULKIN** and **RACHEL MINER**, who got married at the perilously young age of 17 last month and only now have released (free of charge!) their photos, didn't play that game. Cynics may remark that it's only because this is just the first wedding for each. Romantics, which these two seem to be, might insist that they are young, in love and nothing else matters. Take a look at the picture: two out of three ain't bad.



THE LONG WALK TO REMARRIAGE

When you've spent 27 years in prison, every birthday is precious. **NELSON MANDELA** of South Africa made his 80th even more so by marrying his sweetheart, **GRAÇA MACHEL**, 52, the widow of a former President of Mozambique and an advocate for international child welfare. Rumors of wedlock had been rife, but Mandela had betrayed no hint of matrimony, even as he received birthday gifts early on Saturday at the presidential residence in Pretoria. Then, in the afternoon, a press conference of "national importance" was announced, luring reporters from Mandela's home outside Johannesburg. With the press out of the way, the couple were wed in a private ceremony. Mandela was reportedly sending a herd of cattle to Machel's family as a traditional African bride payment. Machel will keep her name and continue to commute between South Africa and Mozambique, where she remains an influential figure. Because of her love, Mandela once declared, "late in my life, I am blooming like a flower." Now it's all legal.



Lance Morrow

Stories Sacred, Lies Mundane

Ten years later, a casualty of the Tawana Brawley case finds vindication

OUR MINDS DRIFT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE sacred and the mundane: between our ideas, our myths about ourselves, on one hand, and on the other our everyday, mortal disorder, our contradictions, our injustices and our need for the law. In the borderland between the two realms we encounter the dangerous, interesting kingdom of lies.

It was 10 years ago that the three realms intersected in the Hudson River town of Wappingers Falls, N.Y. There, Tawana Brawley, a black teenager, proclaimed that a gang of white law officers had abducted and held her for four days in the woods, raping her repeatedly, writing KKK and NIGGER on her belly, smearing her with dog feces and leaving her in a plastic garbage bag outside an apartment complex where her family had once lived. Inconveniently, a witness at that apartment complex had glanced out a window and seen Tawana furtively installing herself in the garbage bag. And a grand jury, after a long, hard look, concluded that there was not a shred of evidence from the real world that the story was true.

As lies go, it wasn't a very good one. To anyone who ever raised a child, Tawana's story had the unmistakable ring of a whopper—an extreme example of a script that a desperate 15-year-old might well invent if, like Tawana, she had gone AWOL for a few days and needed to deflect a feared stepfather's wrath.

But some stories are so deeply embedded in a culture that like black holes, they have the power to overwhelm and devour lesser tales that stray into their fierce field of gravity. Tawana's narrative—a messy, lesser tale that in a society uncontaminated by race hate would have been universally dismissed as a hoax—merged with deeper American memories of race and rape and lynching (the mobs sometimes made up of white law officers). Tawana's lie claimed the prestige of tragic precedent and a legacy of sacred indignation. Tawana became indistinguishable in moral terms from, say, Emmett Till, the Chicago 14-year-old lynched in 1955 in Tallahatchie County, Miss., for daring to get fresh with a white woman.

Who was the victim in the Tawana Brawley case? Tawana? It was such a parenthetical sadness—though also a stroke of cunning—that she was led to such a degrading fantasy, herself as garbage. But the unambiguous casualty was a white assistant prosecutor from Dutchess County named Steven Pagonos.

Tawana's was not a harmless lie. Once the story went public, it attracted three professional race men named C. Vernon Mason, Alton Maddox and Al Sharpton, lawyers who arrived to work as Tawana's handlers and to demagogue the case in the media. The three identified Pagonos as one of the white rapists. Pagonos has spent 10 years trying to clear his name.

We seek patterns. Politicians, commentators and storytelling media (movies, television) give us myths; to supervise everyday chaos, we need the law, especially in the borderland of lies. Last week the law did its work: a jury vindicated Pagonos. It found that Sharpton and the others were guilty of

defaming him. The jurors then withdrew to consider how much to assess in damages.

In an era of media mythification, every rumor and sensational dysfunction is raw material, like timber to be felled or ore to be mined and smelted for the vast media story market. Where the standard of journalistic truth is menaced by the mandate to be entertaining, there is something to be learned about not trying to force the facts of disorderly life to conform to tempting clichés.

America's race and rape and lynching archetypes have a terrible truth to them, a truth rooted in American history from the earliest time. It is because of that history that some American blacks say it does not matter

if, for example, O.J. Simpson was guilty, it does not matter if Tawana was telling a lie. The deeper story's truth supersedes the incidental tale. Hearing this thinking, most whites smack their forehead in outrage and disbelief.

The idea has seductive force. It says that a massive cultural equivalent of jury nullification is justified—that the vast historical outrage of slavery and race in America blanks out the individual true-or-false details and sanctifies, or excuses, even a destructive hoax. Tawana Brawley equals Emmett Till simply because she (opportunistically) conjures the deep memory.

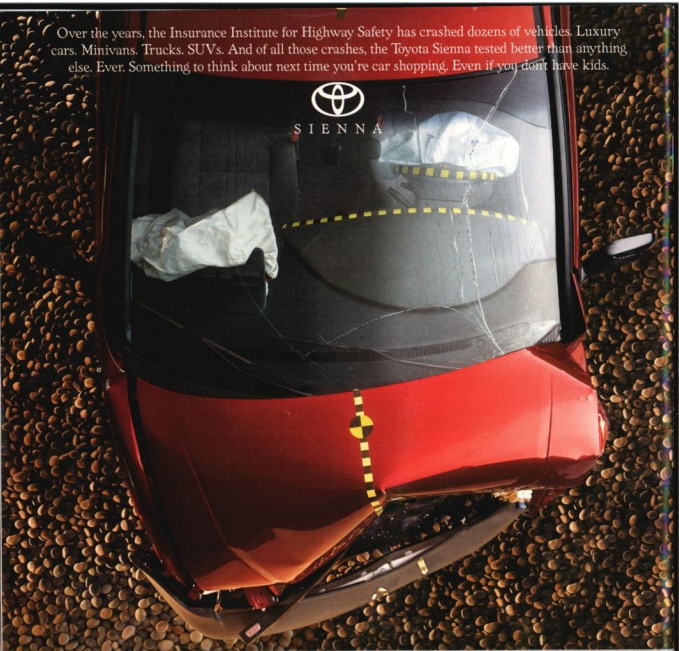
But the conceit, like all lies, partakes of magic thinking, a reality override. When Napoleon, one of history's great habitual liars, dictated a battle dispatch of particularly outrageous falsehood, his secretary, Louis-Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne, wrote sadly in his diary that the Emperor had "wounded the truth." Sharpton and the others injured Steven Pagonos. But they inflicted a more grievous wound upon the memory of Emmett Till. A bitter reflux of the lie washes back upon the truth. ■



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